A Touch of Portugal

By Mary Woodman

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A TOUCH OF PORTUGAL

MARY WOODMAN

Gloria

A Touch of Portugal

OR

The Little Count of Villa Moncão

BY

MARY WOODMAN

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PREFACE

THE leading facts of this story came under the writer's observation during her long residence of twenty years in Portugal. It is not only in the different countries of Europe that parents have induced their children to marry for wealth, but in our own free country many a young girl has sold herself, or given her property, for a worthless title, forgetting that the noblest title is that of the upright self-made man or woman.

MARY WOODMAN.

Dedication

This book is dedicated
to
Miss Elizabeth B. Laing
with the
affectionate regard of
the authoress
Mary Woodman

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INTRODUCTION

A TRAVELER living in Portugal any length of time, would be strongly reminded of our Saviour's beautiful parable. On the hills and in the lovely valleys you will see the Good Shepherd with his flocks gathered about him, his ever watchful eye looking for a greener pasture and cooler spring and when he found them he would call the sheep, and as they gamboled around him, he would take a little tired lamb on each arm and carry it in his bosom. What a beautiful symbol of our blessed Saviour's loving care. The swine-tender is one of the lowest occupations among the Peasants in Portugal. He is generally ragged and indolent, living and eating with the swine on the banks of some stagnant brooks.

The churches are opened all hours of the day for prayer, meditation and rest. Among the worshippers will be seen the peasant and the poor widow with a long black cloak and a little bag upon her arm casting her mite into the treasury box, whom Jesus commended so highly to his disciples as he was teaching in the temple. The

convent bells at sunset call all from their daily labor to rest, and at dawn the soldiers' bugles call them to their labor again. It is only when the chime bells cease to toll that the churches are closed for the night, and the organ ceases its chants and hymns. There are three Apostolic Catholic churches in Lisbon. I will not call them Protestant, for there is such a broad-minded feeling and Christian love and brotherhood that a good Christian feels God's love constantly in his heart.

When the convents were abolished in Portugal and the good Maria II accepted the throne from her father Dom Pedro, after obtaining limited power to rule, one of the finest convents was given to the Scotch Presbyterians for their church. It is enclosed with a high wall, which withstood the earthquake in 1755. It has a number of acres and a large garden in which are fruit trees, shrubs and flowers. It is situated on the so-called Boa Vista (Beautiful View). On the street joining the walls of the church is the Presbyterian Publishing House, where Bibles, Testaments and children's books are printed in the English and Portuguese language. The Rev. Mr. Stewart was the clergyman. He lived in the convent with his family. I was invited to visit Mrs. Stewart, and many a day have I wandered through the silent rooms and in the garden, gazed upon the cloister, where under

On the Estate of the Count of Villa Moncao

the pavement lie the bones of the monks; and as I gazed on those sacred graves, a sweet peace refreshed my soul like the dew from heaven.

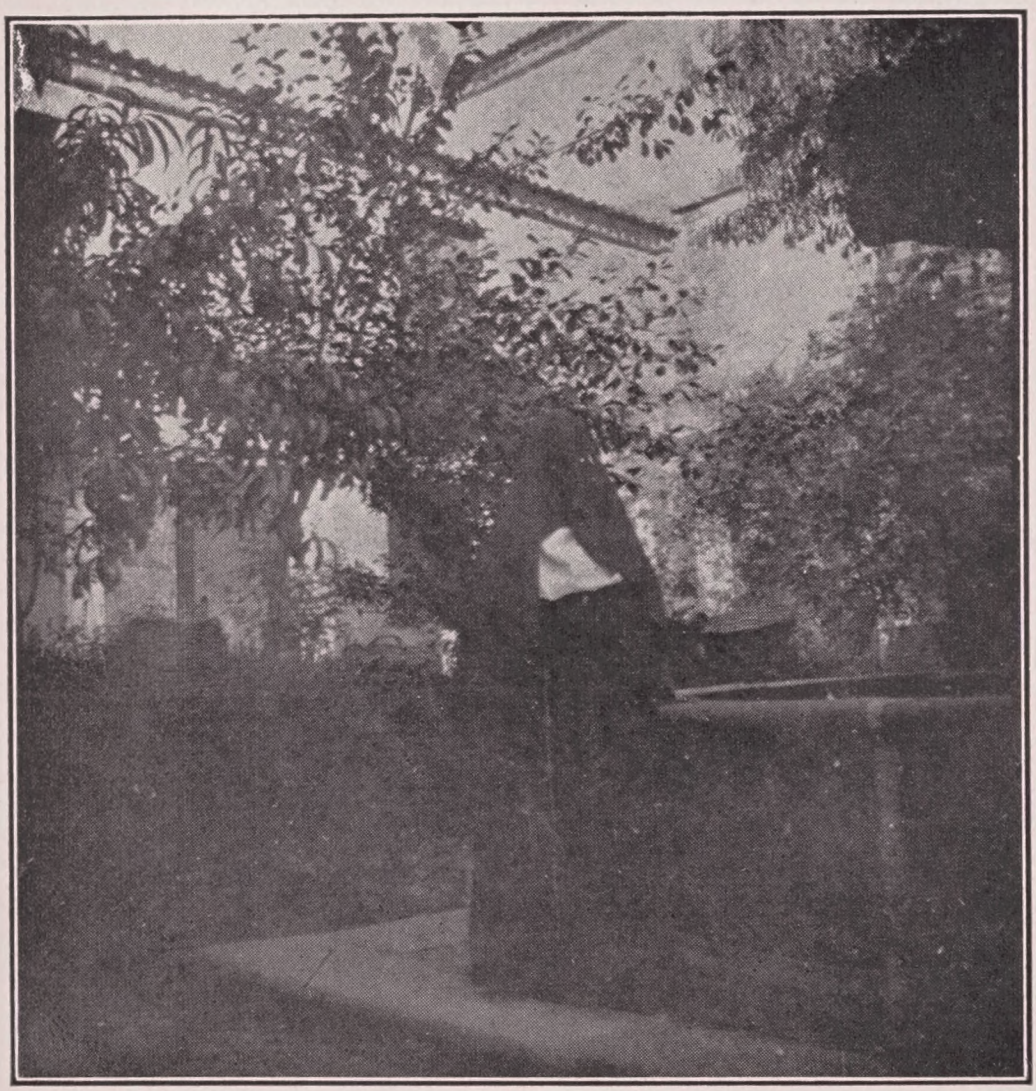
On the estate of the Count of Villa Moncao is a beautiful convent, in which the Count allows some old nuns to remain who were children when the convents were abolished, and some young relatives came to live with them. They made lovely flowers and embroidery, which they sold to the wealthy. The main building was a college, where music, language and the classics were taught. While visiting at Moncao I tried to get a view of these nuns; all was in vain. But, one day, I saw the gate opened and two peasant girls carrying into the convents baskets of tan upon their heads (which they burned). Gloria and myself dressed in peasants' garments with a basket filled with tan upon our heads, followed the peasant girls into the grounds. I had carried their dinners to the nuns, put it upon the wheel and turned the wheel, asking to see them, but their reply was always: "You cannot see us. We do not see ourselves." The peasant girls' laugh soon betrayed us. They were very angry, and pulled their veils over their faces, but when Gloria told them I had come from afar over the ocean to see them, and when I told them I wanted to tell my people what a sacrifice they were making to be good and serve God, they called me a Christian, embraced and

kissed me and allowed me to take their photograph, which adds to the pictures and interest of my book.

Roof gardens form another beautiful feature of Lisbon where the houses are built on the sides of hills, making a charming sight and increasing the beauty of the city.

Bull fights is one of their chief amusements. It shows the strength of the brute and the man. A bull will never fight a second time. I saw a bull driven into the ring and he deliberately walked into a corner and laid down. He seemed to look upon his tormentors with disgust. He had been there before, and no driving could bring him upon his feet. Some animals are far superior than men, for what is more brutal and cruel than two men fighting and injuring each other. The Portuguese nation is too honorable and proud to fight their fellow-men for amusement.

A marriage is always celebrated in the church. The Portuguese are great lovers of the opera and theatre, and they have the best talent. Every family has its altars, where they pray and meditate after they have had their meals. One writer has truly said, "The men are high-bred, courteous and intelligent, and the ladies have a charm of manner and talent for society which all foreigners admit." The greatest



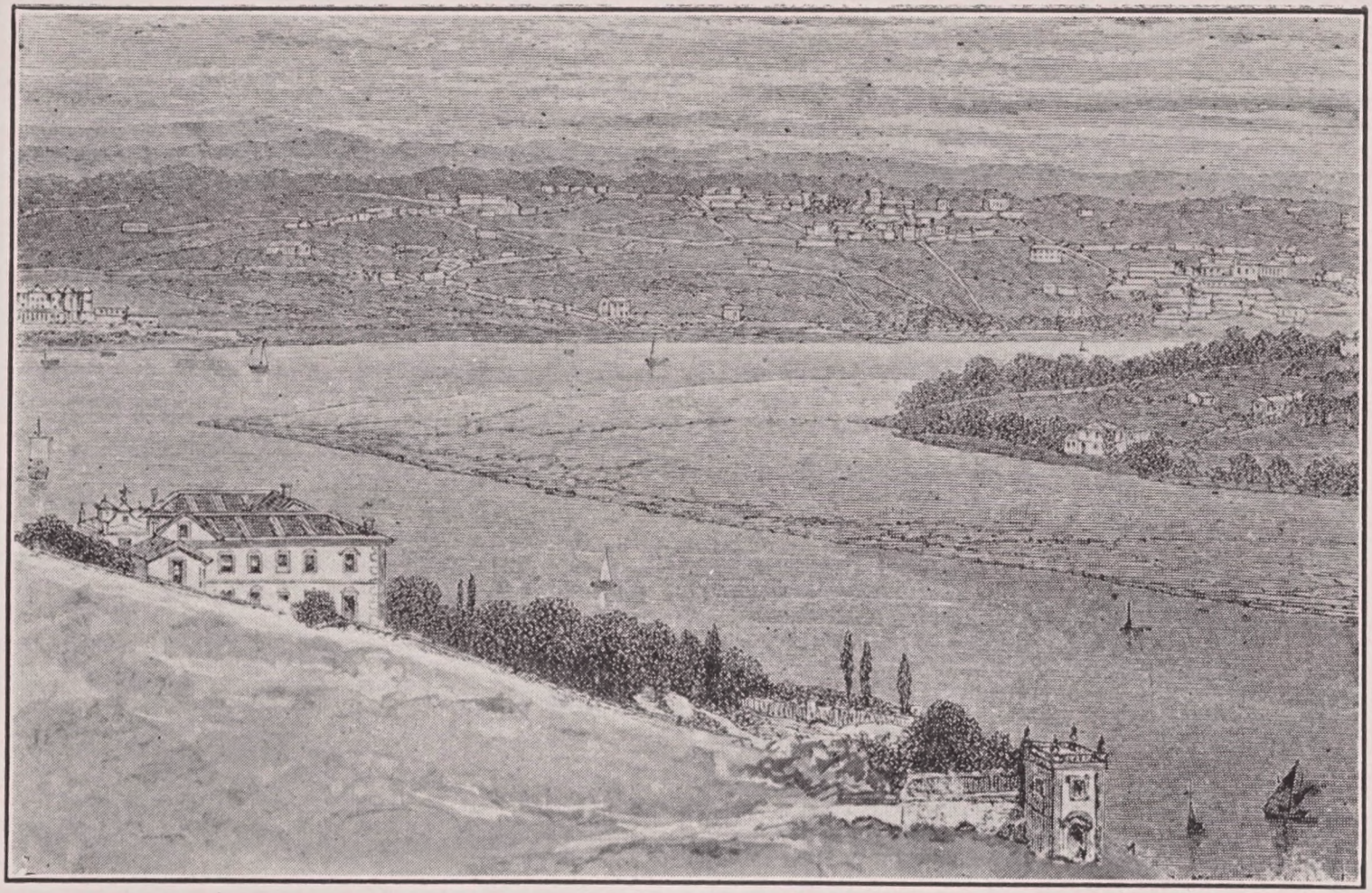
The Nun, "We Do Not See Ourselves"

secret of this is the way they are educated. The mother reads the daily paper, marks the items she does not want her children to read, gives the paper to the governess or one who has charge of the children, who cuts it from the paper before they are allowed to read it.

Many of my readers have heard of the great earthquake, which was on All Saints' Day, 1755, and destroyed the beautiful city of Lisbon. The people built a large memorial church in commemoration of that day. It was over one hundred years ago, and the people have gathered in and around the church to pray and worship God for his love and mercy. In 1882 Spain had a series of earthquakes. They came in the night. We felt and heard the trembling and roaring in Portugal, but not a window was broken, not a life lost; God remembered their prayers.

It was with sadness that I said "Good-bye" to that lovely land and my dear friends. It seemed that every stone, every flower and tree had movement and voice and were bidding me a sad farewell. In the little church, after prayers, as we were parting, Father Joseph laid his hand upon my head and gave me his blessing, saying: "If we never meet again in this world, we will meet up yonder," pointing to the sky. "Yes," I replied, "and if I get there first, I will tell Jesus you are

coming, for I met you on the road." Tears were in his eyes as he clasped my hand. Sometimes I think I have many guardian angels, and dear Father Joseph is one of them.



The Old Gray Palace

A TOUCH OF PORTUGAL

OR

THE LITTLE COUNT OF VILLA MONCÃO

CHAPTER I

GLORIA

ON the margin of the river Douro (or golden river), opposite the historical city of Porto, stands the gray walls of the palace of the Count de Villa Moncao. The family of the Count was a very ancient one. Their title was given to them by King Deniz, for their bravery in the battles with the Moors, but like many families of the nobility, uncles married their nieces, and cousins their cousins, to prevent their land and property from passing out of the family.

After a succession of such marriages, the iniquity visited itself upon the children, by insanity or disease. Many incidents of this were seen among the numerous children of the Count de Villa Moncao, but since the Convents were abolished by King Pedro IV, in 1832, these unions

have been less. The young Portuguese girls assert their rights to-day in choosing their husbands, with no fear of being prevented, or shut up in the cell of a gloomy monastery.

Perhaps it would be well to give my readers the reason why the Convents were abolished, and the Monks and Jesuits expelled from Portugal in the year 1832. About 1828, Pedro IV, King of Portugal, took his family to Brazil (which at that time belonged to Portugal), leaving his brother, Don Miguel, as regent, to govern the kingdom until his return.

His object in going to Brazil was to leave his son, Don Pedro I (the late Emperor of Brazil), to rule in that country. The Brazilians were pleased with the young Prince, but they wanted to be independent of Portugal. They formed an empire, and Don Pedro became their Emperor. During the absence of Don Pedro IV from his kingdom, Don Miguel incited the people against him, with the intention of usurping the throne.

Portugal at that time had despotic rule. Don Miguel sent spies into every city, town and village, and those who refused to sign a document acknowledging him to be their King, were thrown into the Convents, to die or suffer torture by the Monks and Jesuits. Many signed from fear, but a greater part of the people chose suffering and death rather than acknowledge Don Miguel's tyrannical power.

When Pedro IV heard of his brother's treachery, he started for Portugal, taking his daughter, Maria the Second, a girl of fifteen years, with him. Stopping at the Azores and Madeira Islands, he raised a formidable army, and entered the north of Portugal, where he added recruits to his forces, and marched towards Lisbon. There he encountered his brother, whom he banished with his family to Germany, with the condition, "That if any of the family ever entered Portugal, they should be imprisoned." The Convents were then thrown open, and many of the victims found were so reduced by hunger, foul air, and darkness, that they died soon after being brought to the light of day. Among the victims were the grandfather and uncle of the Count de Villa Moncao.

Some of the Convents were used for educational purposes, others were sold to private persons and the money appropriated for government schools. When Maria the Second was eighteen years old, Pedro IV resigned in favor of his daughter, who refused to reign under despotic rule, and a limited government was established.

. . . . . .

In one of the rooms of the palace a beautiful girl was seated in the recess of a window. A troubled and sad expression gleamed from her dark, dreamy eyes, as she gazed at Father Joseph, the priest, who was walking, deeply engaged in

thought, in the garden below. She imagined his thoughts, and, laying aside the book she was reading, went down and joined him. Putting her arm within his, they walked to and fro, for some moments, in silence. "Donna Gloria, your father and cousin, the Count de Valenca, are expected here next month. Let us talk over your father's wishes and the Count's visit," and taking a letter from his pocket, the priest began to read its contents.

"Don't take the trouble to do that, Father Joseph," exclaimed the young girl. "I received a letter from Papa, yesterday. He writes that I am to receive my cousin as my future husband. Do they think they can buy and sell me, as they do their cattle? Not one drop of kindred blood shall flow through the veins of the man that I shall call my husband! Think of Eulalia! She is one of the victims of such a marriage as my father is attempting to arrange for me"; and, with flashing eyes, Gloria walked back and forth under the orange trees.

The old priest looked at the beautiful girl sadly, for he knew the strong will and selfish heart of the Count de Villa Moncao, and the proud spirit of his mother, the old Countess. He remembered the Count's sullen disappointment when his first child, an almost helpless and deformed son, was born; and, two years after, the beautiful, but unfortunate, little Irene was given to them. This daughter

was deaf and dumb. The grief of the young Countess was deep. She had never loved the Count, who was her cousin, and the sight of her unfortunate children, and her morose and gloomy husband, broke her heart, and she died shortly after Gloria's birth. But nature had given to this last child what it had withheld from the elder children. Gloria grew in beauty and grace, and, as years passed, she showed a fondness for books and music. She had a sweet voice, and her father and grandmother were very fond of her, and everything that money could buy was at her command.

"No," continued the young girl, seating herself beside the old priest, "I will not submit to such a wicked marriage. I will wash my hands from the curse which has hung over the house of my ancestors so long, and, Father Joseph, I have given my heart to one whom I dearly love, and have promised to be his wife when I am twenty-one," murmured Gloria, a bright smile checking the tears which had started in her beautiful eyes.

"God bless and help you, my dear child, and," continued the old priest, laying his hand upon her head, "if I could live to hear the shouts of merry children's voices ringing through the gloomy old rooms of yonder palace, I would say, 'Lord, I have seen the salvation of this house, let now Thy servant depart in peace.' "

"Gloria, oh, sister Gloria," shouted Henrique

from an open window, "you promised to play and sing for me!"

"So I did, and I am coming."

The beautiful girl left the priest in the arbor and hastened to her invalid brother. "And, sister, bring me some of those orange-blossoms and English violets!" Gloria gathered the flowers he loved so well. His very wish was sacred to the devoted sister.

"There, dear, are your flowers. Are they not sweet?" she asked, putting them into his hands, and tenderly kissing his forehead.

"And what shall I sing, my darling brother?" the sister asked, drawing his head upon her arm, and looking into his big, brown eyes. She was all he had to love, and she was such a great happiness to him, and when she talked or sang to him, the sad yearning look would seem to fade away, and a happy, contented expression took its place.

"Sing, 'Oh, there are blessed dreams that come,' something sweet and good, my dearest sister." And the sister sang until sleep closed the weary eyes, and a peaceful smile rested upon the sufferer's face. Gloria gently laid the fair head upon the pillow. "Darling," she murmured, "Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal."

Who wondered that the weak and almost helpless brother, clung to his strong and tender-hearted sister? Sometimes the old Countess

Father Joseph in the Garden

would pity and whine over him, which would irritate his sensitive nature and make him ill for days. Often the Count would look gloomily at his son, and, in secret, Henrique would shed many bitter tears. He knew what a disappointment he was to his father, for all the great wealth of the Count de Villa Moncao could not bring health or contentment to the old, gray palace.

Gloria Mello sat long at the window, thinking of the past, and trying to look into the future. Father Joseph was yet walking under the trees, reciting a chant. The young girl went to the piano, and sang in a low tone, a sweet melody. Henrique opened his eyes and gazed fondly at her. The little clock on the mantle was striking four, when dinner was announced. The servant entered the room to assist Henrique. "Lean on me, darling," and the sister drew his arm within her own.

The Count and his mother were fond of high living, and always dined in grand style, but the long, stately dining-room, with its dark walls and high ceiling, was not half so cozy and pleasant to Henrique and Gloria, as the sunny little breakfast room, with its great bay window, where birds sang and flowers bloomed all the year. There the invalid brother would spend his mornings, while his beloved sister would read to him a story from some favorite author.

Conversation is seldom heard at a Portuguese

nobleman's table during dinner; but the party will linger for hours over the wine and fruit, and converse or read the news. A servant entered with the papers, and gave a letter to Father Joseph, who immediately opened it. As he read its contents, a heavenly smile played over his face. "She has found her vocation, 'tis the Lord's will," he murmured, giving the letter to the Countess, who, after perusing its contents, passed it to Gloria, saying: "It is from Irene; I don't think your father will give his consent. Oh, why has the Lord so afflicted this house!" mourned the grandmother. "It is not the Lord's work," replied Gloria, sadly, as they arose to leave the room, and putting the letter in the bosom of her dress, whispered, in answer to Henrique's wistful look, "We will read it together, dearest!" It was now the vesper hour, and the brother and sister sought their accustomed retreat in the little chapel, to read Irene's letter.

"CONVENT DE ZAMORA, SPAIN.

"*Dear Father Joseph:*

"I am very happy here. The Sisters, as you see, have taught me to write, and you will be glad to know that I have ceased to mourn over my misfortune. I cannot hear anything wicked, nor say a bad word. How good God is to give me sight and reason, for I can see and enjoy all the beauti-

ful things He has made, and I feel His love within and about me. I take a lovely flower, it has no voice, it cannot hear, but its beauty charms my sight. I smell its fragrance, which cheers and gladdens my heart. Every little flower fulfils its mission, and I want to fulfil mine. I want to be a Sister of Charity. I hear my Saviour calling me to follow Him; I want to go about doing good. I hope father and grandmother will have no objection, for I can come and visit you. Tell my dear brother and sister, I send them much love, and many longings, and embrace you all.

"Ever your loving

"IRENE."

Tears filled the eyes of Gloria as she finished reading Irene's letter. She loved her beautiful sister, and her heart rebelled at the thought of her leaving her for a convent life. Putting her arm around her brother, as if afraid of losing him also, and laying her head upon his shoulder, she sobbed, "You will never leave me, Henrique?" "Only to go home to be with the Saviour," he replied, looking at the painting of the Ascension of Christ, which hung over the altar. The peasants were assembling in the little chapel, and the vesper bells were chiming the hour of prayer. A parting sun ray from a colored window threw a halo of glory over the painting. The brother and sister knelt,

and lifted their eyes and hearts, in prayer and faith, to the Ascension of Christ.

The vineyards, the orange and olive groves, and most of the landed property of the Count were in the Villa Moncao, a beautiful village in the north of Portugal, where the river Minho winds its way through the quiet vales, or gushes over the hill-side, in its descent from the upland, forming many lovely cascades. The old palace of the ancestors of the Count stood in a charming valley. It was a long two-story stone building, with a chapel at one end. The palace was in a large courtyard, in the center of which was a fountain, and in the walls of the yard were small grated windows, with stone seats on each side, while in one corner of the court was an old arbor. Jessamine and ivy covered its sides. A round stone table stood in the center, which was once used for plants.

It was to this charming retreat that Gloria and Henrique delighted to go in the latter part of summer or early autumn, when the fruits were being gathered and the vintagers were carrying the grapes to the press. It was mid August when Gloria and her brother, accompanied by Father Joseph, went to meet the Count and their cousin at Villa Moncao, where they were to remain during the harvesting. Not a cloud darkened the sun; nature had on her brightest robe. The fields

were decked with scarlet poppies and white daisies, and, now and then, a glimpse of the Minho was seen, shining through the orange and olive groves, while the merry songs of the peasant girls, as they cut the luxuriant grapes from the vine, gave life to the rural scene.

It was late in the afternoon when our travelers reached the little station, where the carriage was waiting to take them six miles beyond.

The family servants had garnished the old-fashioned rooms, and as Henrique and Gloria, followed by Father Joseph, passed through the hall, whose walls were covered with family portraits, and entered the neat, cozy drawing-room, a restful, glad expression brightened the pale face of Henrique. "You are weary, darling," said Gloria, putting her arm around her brother, and pushing aside the heavy damask curtain which hung across the entrance of a room beyond. "See how lovely Maria has arranged your room, with your favorite flowers in every nook."

("En nao posso fazer bastante para a minha repeiz.") "I cannot do enough for my young master," said the old servant, who followed them with a waiter containing a tempting lunch.

The next morning, the servants stood in the corridor to pay their respects to the family as they entered the breakfast room. This is the custom in the families of the nobility in Portugal, and the

respect and love that is exhibited there between master and servant is such that rooms are reserved in the palaces for servants past labor, and where, perhaps, their children, or other servants, attend to their wants. The Count de Villa Moncao and his nephew arrived at midnight, and it was late the next morning when Gloria received her father and cousin in the breakfast room. After the Count had embraced his daughter, he presented her to her cousin, saying, "I am sure you will find Gloria an attentive listener, Luiz. She will like to hear about your travels."

"I am certain that we shall be good friends. I have something to tell you; may I confide in you, Gloria?" As Gloria looked at his frank, smiling face, all the dislike which she had determined to show toward her cousin vanished.

"Yes," she replied, returning his smile. "Do you remember when we were children, you called me your little sister? I will be a true and loving sister, Luiz."

Her cousin looked earnestly at the lovely upturned face, then, drawing her to his side, he kissed her brow, murmuring, "Dear little sister Gloria, you have made me very happy."

Count de Villa Moncao sat watching them behind his morning paper. ("Ben, munto ben") "Well, very well," I was afraid that Gloria would receive him coldly," he murmured. Father Joseph

and Henrique had entered the room in the meantime. The Count embraced his son, then, turning to the good priest, asked in a low voice, looking toward the window, "What do you think now, Father? Gloria is too sensible to throw away such a good husband as Luiz will make her. He has one of the oldest and best titles, and one of the finest estates in the kingdom. He is a nobleman in every sense of the word."

"Yes," replied Father Joseph, "Luiz was always a good lad, but let them alone, Count, they know their own hearts."

The Count of Villa Moncao was never in better spirits than on that beautiful summer morning, as they gathered around the breakfast table. He gazed fondly on the lovely face of his daughter, as she handed him his coffee, for on her depended the heir to his title and the increase to his vast wealth.

Now, he could afford to relent and give some attention to his unfortunate son, and turning to Henrique, he entertained him with a description of London, Paris and other places.

"How would you like to go with Father Joseph to Rome? You will see St. Peter's Church, and perhaps the Holy Father. That would please you better than all the gayeties in the world. Is it not so, my boy?"

"I am contented to hear you and cousin Luiz

relate what you have seen in your travels," replied Henrique, "but," continued he, "I can imagine no climate so delightful, no country more beautiful that my own."

"That is my sentiment, Henrique," exclaimed his cousin. "When standing on some lofty peak of the Alps, or sailing along the shore of the beautiful Rhine, how often would my thoughts wander to my boyhood home among the vine-clad hills of our own Sierras,—Yes, dear, sunny Portugal.

"Though other fields may be as green,
And other skies as blue;
And other faces fair be seen,
And hearts be found as true,
Ah! be it ruled by milder rule,
Or swayed by lawless hands;
With joy, with pride, what ere betide;
I love my native land."

"Patriotism is almost as essential as piety," said Father Joseph.

"I think it is as essential as love for one's kindred, for it will protect and feed, when relatives forsake us," responded Gloria, rising from the table. The feeling of dread and suspicion which she had cherished toward her cousin in his long absence, had vanished, and she felt that she had been unjust in thinking that he had been a willing tool to her father's ambitious desire; but,

Resting Upon the Moorish Bridge

with a woman's instinct, Gloria knew that Luiz had something very near his heart to tell her.

"I think, Father Joseph, that if Luiz were not my cousin, and I didn't love Herr Berner, that I could love him well enough to be his wife, provided he loved me a great deal, of course," said Gloria, with a merry laugh, as they were returning from an after-dinner walk. They were resting upon the old Moorish bridge, which crossed the Minho river, and were waiting for the others, who were slowly advancing.

"He will make some woman happy. I wonder that he has not formed an attachment in all the years abroad. I have heard," continued the priest, "the English and German ladies were very lovely."

"I think he has," replied Gloria. "This morning, as we stood by the window, Luiz asked me if he could tell me something. He was pleased when I said, I would be what I was when we were children, his sister."

"God bless you both, my child," responded Father Joseph, crossing himself. As her father and cousin drew near, Gloria saw that the old Prior and Father Manuel, from the village of Valenca, had joined them in their usual walk.

"You look pale and weary, Henrique," said his sister, going to his side. "It is tiresome riding this donkey," he replied, dismounting. "Will you

ride, and rest your feet, Gloria?" he asked, laughingly, "while I walk to rest my body?"

"I suppose you are coming to the vintagers' festival, next week," asked the Prior as they reached the palace. "Yes," replied Luiz, "we will stop on our way to Valenca; I am anxious to see the old place, and make some alterations in the palace."

The wine region, extending many miles north of the river Douro, presents to the eye an endless panorama of rounded hills, terraced from base to summit, and planted with vines. Olive-trees border the vineyards and occupy some of the deep hollows, while gloomy pine woods fringe the lofty crests; here and there a gleaming white house with its grove of orange or cypress trees, or a water-mill, shaded by oaks and chestnuts, or a little village, perched picturesquely on the hillside, breaks the wearying monotony of the landscape. At the base of the hills the yellow Douro flows swiftly over its rocky bed, bearing high-prowed, flat-bottomed boats, laden with pipes of wine, impelled by a graceful white cloud of sail, and steered with a huge oar, worked from a pivot on the stern-post, to the great Porto wine stores.

The vineyards are estimated to occupy an area of about 96,000 acres. The steep and rugged configuration of the district obliged the wine-growers to adopt a special method of planting, in order

to keep the loose, flaky soil, in which the vines are set, from being washed away by heavy rains. This consists in cutting away the ground along the hill-sides, so as to form a succession of steps, and building up walls in front by way of supports.

September is the month for the vintage. Bands of vintagers come dancing and singing on their way to the vineyards, and the gathering of the grapes commences. Women with red and yellow kerchiefs tied over unkempt tresses, and with bare feet, are scattered over the terraces, singing, more or less melodiously, as they detach the bunches of grapes with small hooked knives, and after removing the immature and unsound berries, throw them into baskets swung on their arms. The contents of these are emptied into large baskets holding nearly a hundred weight, which, when filled, men with sheep-skins to protect their shoulders, and plaited straw knots on their heads, hoist on their backs, and move off in Indian file, bearing them along the rugged winding paths and up and down steep flights of steps to the press house.

Pressing the grapes is a long and arduous operation. Men with their white trousers rolled up to the mid-thigh, step into the lagares,—huge reservoirs of solid masonry, with sides about three feet high, and capable of holding sufficient grapes to produce from ten to thirty pipes of wine. The men form a line, with their arms resting on each

other's shoulders. They commence work by advancing and retiring across the lagar with measured steps, raising and lowering their feet alternately at the word of command, "right", "left", as though at squad drill.

A fiddler, seated on the edge of the lagar, saws away at some merry tune, while others swell the din with fife, drum and guitar. Women are looking in at the windows, encouraging the men with jokes and laughter, and, from time to time, the overseers, on the look-out that each one does his share of the labor, serves out nips of brandy, or cigarettes, to stimulate the men to further exertion.

The "first beating of the wine" as it is called, lasts, with occasional halts and relays of fresh men, for eighteen hours or so. By this time the atmosphere of the press-house is heavy with the odor of fermenting must. The treaders, with their garments more or less bespattered with purple grape-juice, move slowly about in a listless fashion.

The fiddler strikes up anew, the drum rattles, the fife squeaks, the guitar tinkles, and the overseers drowsily upbraid,—but all to no purpose. Music has lost its charms, and authority its terrors. The men by this time almost dead beat out, raise one purple leg, languidly, after another, far into the watches of the night. Whenever a sample of the must is wanted, the large white saucer

is called into requisition, and one of the pressers, lifting up his brawny leg carefully, balances himself while the saucer is held to catch the must as it trickles from his dripping heel. This is inspected and tasted, and the important consideration of the amount of saccharine contained in the wine is determined by means of the saccharameter.

The pressing completed, the must is left to ferment in the "lagar," until the saccharometer indicates that the fermentation has proceeded far enough. The stalks and skins of the grades have formed a thick crust on the top of the must, which is then drawn off into large casks or tonels holding from ten to thirty pipes each; the stalks and skins are then made up into a heap in the center of the lagar, and the juice remaining in them is pressed out by the leverage of a huge beam of wood, usually the trunk of a tree, weighted with a large stone.

The resulting wine is kept by itself, and is put into separate casks, as it is not equal in quality to the mass. The new wine remains undisturbed in the tonels until the end of December, by which time it has cleared itself and become a deep purple hue. It is then drawn off its lees into other tonels, and some pure grape brandy is added to it. In the following spring, empty pipes are sent up from Porto to the vineyards, and the shipper's agents see that the wine is duly racked off into them.

These pipes are taken in bullock-carts to the banks of the Douro river, and hauled on board the flat-bottomed craft that convey them down the rapid and dangerous stream to the wine-shipper's lodges or stores in Villa Nova de Gaia, a suburb of Porto.

After the long and tedious labor of the vintager, the villagers celebrate the joyful event with a feast. Peasant girls, dressed in their finery, with heavy gold rings hanging from their ears, and baskets filled with eatables upon their heads, go chattering and laughing on their way to some beautiful spot on the village green; and the men with bright colored sashes tied around their waists, tinkle their viols or banjos. It is a pleasant sight to see the peasant's wife spread her bounteous repast under some shady tree, while her husband plays on his banjo, and his little ones dance around him.

The nobility who are passing the warm season at their country-houses, and the priests of the village attend these anniversaries. It was mid-day when the Count of Villa Moncao and the cousins arrived at the festival. Father Joseph had started early in the morning, and the villagers were notified of the young Count of Valenca's return from abroad. Cheer after cheer greeted him with, "Long live Luiz de Almedia!" They left their carriage to share the hospitality of the peasants.

Luiz thanked them for their kind reception. He felt that he had a home in their hearts, which to him was the dearest place for a home, and many of their faces reminded him of his boyhood, when he played with them on the same village green, which now looked more beautiful than ever. He told them that he had come home to live among them, and to share their joys and their sorrows.

It was sunset when the family arrived at the palace in Valença, which was a few miles from Villa Moncao. Being on an eminence, it commanded a magnificent view of the surrounding country.

The old Count of Valenca loved the home of his ancestors, and spent money and labor in beautifying its gardens and parks, until it was called the finest estate in the north of Portugal. The mother of Luiz died when he was a few months old. The Count mourned his young wife's death; and, taking his little boy, retired from the gay life of Lisbon, to the beautiful home of his boyhood. When Luiz was twelve years old, his father died, and the little orphan entered his uncle's family where his frank and generous nature soon endeared him to his cousins. At the age of seventeen, according to his father's request, he went to Germany to finish his education.

. . . . . .

It was the twilight hour, the day before the part-

ing. "We shall miss you, and you will be very lonely among strangers, Luiz," said Gloria, as they sat in the garden. "There is a place where parting is unknown," sighed Henrique. "Look at the evening star, how bright it is to-night! I wonder what kind of people live on that planet," he continued, "and if they know what separation is!"

"I hope they are not so wicked as they are in this world," responded Gloria, "but do look at Irene! One can easily tell where her thoughts are, by her expressive eyes." "Dear girl, I believe she lives in the spirit-land, more than she does in this world," said Luiz, drawing the beautiful mute to his side, and kissing her brow, as they entered the palace.

The Count accompanied his nephew to the University of Gottengen.

"You will be twenty-one, and Gloria eighteen, when you have finished your studies; then you will be your own master, and at just the age to marry," said his uncle, when they were near their journey's end.

"Gloria is a girl any man would be proud of, and she is a dear sister to me, but I am certain she would never consent to be my wife, so do not urge her to think of such a thing, it will make her unhappy." But the Count of Villa Moncao, forgetting his own unfortunate marriage, and for the sel-

fish love of wealth, was determined to follow in the footsteps of his ancestors. On his return to Porto, he expressed his desire to Gloria, adding that he expected her to comply with his wishes." "But, father, did you say to Luiz what you have just said to me?" asked Gloria. "Not exactly, but something which amounted to the same thing," replied the Count. "And what answer did he give you?" "Well, he said he was proud of you. Don't that mean love, admiration, and all that kind of nonsense? What more have you to say?"

"That I will never marry Luiz de Almedia nor any other relative; so help me God!" replied Gloria in a decided voice, and leaving the room.

"Well, she has got a will of her own," muttered the Count, as soon as he could recover from his astonishment. Going to his mother's room, he repeated Gloria's words to the Countess. "Leave her in peace, Henrique. She is too young to think of marriage," replied his mother with a sigh. Perhaps she thought of her own, and of her son's, unhappy marriage, and her heart softened toward her granddaughter.

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Four years passed swiftly away. Luiz had been a diligent scholar and a great favorite among his companions, who invited him to spend the holidays with them. Visiting different countries, he found time to write home interesting accounts of

his travels and college life. It was during his last vacation in Chester, England, at the home of his room-mate, Alan Milford, that he met and became attached to Alice Howard, Alan's orphan cousin. Mr. Milford had consented to the marriage taking place on New Year's Day, and it was with joy that Luiz returned to his native land to prepare the palace and chapel for the occasion. But one thing made him sad, and that was the thought that Gloria loved him, for his uncle had often announced in his letters that they were anticipating great pleasure (especially Gloria) on his return.

The Count had gone to attend the graduation of his nephew, and accompany him home, and it cheered his heart when Gloria told him,—"That she would be a sister to him."

And now, my reader, we will return to the cousins at the palace in Valenca. The morning after the festival, while walking in the garden, Luiz told Gloria what she suspected, and what the reader already knows.

"She has a good as well as a beautiful face; I know I shall love her," she said, gazing at the photograph Luiz had handed her. "But no title, no fortune, and only a little school teacher. What will my noble father say?"

"My uncle may say what he will, but I intend to manage my own affairs."

"I also have a little secret to tell," and the young

girl took from the gold chain around her neck, a locket containing the likeness of Herr Berner, painted on ivory, "but first tell me what you think of that face!" Luiz took the locket, and looked at the frank, laughing eyes of the German. "A fine, intellectual face. But who is he, and where did you find him? I understand from Uncle Henrique that you did not go into society, and was devoted to Henrique and your studies."

"Father was so anxious that I should be able to speak German with you that he engaged Herr Berner, the Professor of the University of Porto, and the day I received father's letter bidding me to consider you as my future husband, Herr Berner came and found me crying. I had to tell him all about it, and he said you should not have me, for he wanted me himself," answered Gloria, with a merry laugh. "I knew father would not give his consent, so we have concluded to wait three years; then I am twenty-one. 'True love never runs smooth' is the old adage," continued Gloria, in a more serious voice, "and I am sure ours will not. Franze and I will have many trials and sad hours before we begin life together."

"Our lives are beginning to look like a story, with its lights and shades," added Luiz, drawing Gloria's arm within his own, as they arose to leave the garden. "And for one sunbeam, there often

comes long patches of shadow," replied Gloria, sadly.

Great was the disappointment and anger of the Count of Villa Moncao when Luiz told him of his betrothment to Alice Howard. All the cherished dreams of years were crushed, and all for a poor English teacher.

"It is your money and position the girl and her family want. The English are a selfish, cold-blooded race," were the first words he uttered.

"You know, Uncle Henrique, that I studied law at the University. My friends do not know that I inherit a title or great wealth. All they know is that I am a Portuguese gentleman, or lawyer, in good circumstances," responded Luiz.

"Well, I don't want to know, or see, any of them," grumbled the Count, as he strode from the room.

"The storm is over, and I wish I could say that the clouds had passed with it," said Luiz, entering the library where Gloria was reading.

"Poor father, I wish he could see things in their right light. What a heaven this world would be if we would forget self sometimes, and strive to make each other happy. I love to share what I have with those who have not."

"You taught me that, Gloria, when we were children, by your thoughtfulness and unselfish love for Henrique and Irene, and in many other ways;

and, Gloria, I feel to-day, as I used to feel in my boyhood, when I looked from these windows upon the river and mountains in the distance, the little village in the valley below, and the orange and olive groves. I feel a love for God and all His works. This is a grand old place, and how happy Alice and I shall be in it!"

"Dear Luiz," murmured Gloria, "I rejoice in your happiness; but never forget the Giver and Father of all good."

CHAPTER II

EULALIA

FATHER JOSEPH had returned to the old Gray Palace, and with bowed head and hands clasped behind him, was walking up and down the garden path, and casting an occasional glance to the wan, pale face at a window in the remotest part of the palace.

"They call it fate," murmured he, "but I remember that face when it was as lovely as an angel's, and when those vacant eyes beamed with the light of a pure, untroubled soul. Oh, how often she has said to me, 'Father Joseph, I want to be a Sister of Charity!' She was only eighteen when the light of reason fled from those sweet eyes, and I hope she is the last to suffer the terrible curse which has followed this family for many generations," and Father Joseph sighed as he brushed a tear from his furrowed cheek.

Let us visit the inmates of the palace, where in an upper room sat Sara Pinto, sewing. She was the attendant of Donna Eulalia, the only daughter of the Countess of Villa Moncao. Twenty-two years had passed since her mind had become de-

"They Call It Fate"

ranged, but sometimes she would have lucid intervals for many hours, but, as years passed, these intervals grew less, until they ceased.

To-day she had been unusually silent, as she laid upon the lounge with half-closed eyes. A servant entered, bringing her dinner, but Eulalia showed little desire for eating. "Take some of these delicious grapes," pleaded Sara. The invalid shook her head as she pushed them away. Eulalia's insanity had never been violent.

At the usual hour, the Countess visited her daughter, and found her in a deep sleep. "She has been still all day, and sleeps most of the time," replied Sara, in answer to the Countess' questions. As the mother sat by the lounge, gently stroking the pale brow, Eulalia opened her eyes, and gazed upon the Countess with a sad, wondering look; then, closing them, sank into a quiet slumber.

"I will send Jonna to remain with you to-night. My son writes that we may expect him to-morrow. I shall be glad to see him, for I am weary of this monotonous life," and, with a sigh, she arose to leave the room.

On reaching the other part of the palace, she heard music, and, on entering the music room, Herr Berner arose from the piano to meet her.

"I am glad to see you, for I am having a touch of the blues."

"I was not aware that the wealthy were ever

afflicted with that malady, but only the poor," responded Herr Berner.

"Every heart knows its own bitterness," replied the Countess, with a sad smile.

"Well, I have good news, respecting myself. I have been offered the position of Professor of German and Music in the University at Lisbon, also teacher to the Royal Princes," and Herr Brenner handed a letter to the Countess.

"You know that I esteem you very much, and that I am sincerely pleased with your good fortune, and that we shall miss you, especially Gloria and Henrique. But," she added, "the letter says, 'begin your duties at the commencement of the year,' so we will have you with us until then?"

"I wish I could say yes, but, as this will be a permanent situation, I want to arrange a home in Lisbon, so that my mother can live with me the remainder of her days. I am all the child she has, and it grieves her to have me so far away. The steamer sails in a fortnight, and I thought I should have time to visit the wine district,—I have not seen that part of the country,—and call upon my dear pupils at Villa Moncao to say good-bye."

"Certainly, you may be sure of a hearty welcome. Gloria and Henrique would feel slighted, if you did not; and when you come to Porto, don't forget us," said the Countess, as he bid her good-bye.

That night, after she had counted her beads and said her prayers before the altar in the oratory by the side of her sleeping-room, she sat meditating. The Countess had been thinking a great deal of late, more than she used to. Gloria's unselfish devotion to her invalid brother made her think. Henrique's parting words, "Grandmother, if you feel lonely while we are at Villa Moncao, let us know, and we will come home before the harvesting is ended."

"Poor boy, how many comforting words did he ever get from me!" she murmured, and then she thought of Irene, whose greatest wish was to be a Sister of Charity.

Could it be that the gentle spirit of their mother was hovering over those dear ones, and guiding them? She saw the unselfish love of Christ exemplified in her grandchildren; but to-night she was thinking of the tender love Franze Berner bore to his mother; his almost daily visits; his pleasant words; and their little game of cards, which allayed many an hour, and now, with a trembling hope, she thought of the longing, wondering look and gentle sleep of her stricken daughter. Was it possible that the cloud was passing away? That God was answering the prayer of so many long years? With a glad cry she fell upon her knees. God had manifested Himself to her. His spirit had touched her proud heart. "Lord, here am I,

guide me into Thy truth and light," was the language of her heart. No more vain forms of religion; no countless mysteries.

The next morning when the Countess went to her daughter's room, she found there Doctor Nunes, the family physician. Eulalia had eaten a light breakfast, and was sleeping, but a peaceful smile rested upon the pale face. "Yes," replied the doctor, in answer to the Countess' anxious questions, "when she fully awakes, her mind will be clear."

Tears of joy and gratitude filled the mother's eyes. "Oh, doctor," she murmured, as she grasped his hand at parting, "of all the sorrows which afflict a mother's heart, there is none to be compared with this sorrow."

It was with a glad heart that the Countess greeted her son. She had been informed by Father Joseph of Luiz's intended marriage, and when the Count alluded to it, she said, gently: "If you and I, my son, had asserted our rights as Luiz had done, how much suffering and sorrow we and our children would have escaped."

The Countess now passed most of each day in her daughter's room. One afternoon she sat by the bedside, holding one of the thin hands between her own and gently caressing it. Eulalia opened her eyes and smiled.

"Eulalia," said her mother, softly, as she bent

over her, "do you know me?" "You are my dear mother," she whispered, putting her arms around her neck. After awhile she said, "I have had a long, long sleep; I have been ill, but now I feel well."

Sara handed the Countess the medicine Doctor Nunes had ordered to be given, when she awoke, and after taking the potion, she ate a light repast with pleasure. The happy mother sat with her arm under the pillow, supporting the dear head, until twilight deepened into night, and Eulalia was sleeping. Then, with a grateful heart, she retired to her chamber, thanking God for His loving kindness and tender mercy.

The next day, Eulalia was removed to her old room by the side of her mother's, while leaning upon her brother's arm. The Count seemed bewildered by the state of affairs. "What had changed his mother, and brought his sister back to her right mind?" He remembered his mother's objection to his marriage with his cousin, who had been kept in a convent, but his father and uncle insisted upon it, besides it had doubled his own riches.

And what did Father Joseph mean by his prayer that evening? Thanking God for "answering petitions." The good old priest's trembling heartfelt words filled his heart with awe. "Was it true that silent, earnest prayer had brought about these

changes?" A ride into the country or a daily walk in the garden, among the trees and flowers, was a delight to Eulalia.

One beautiful afternoon, Eulalia entered the room where her mother and Father Joseph were reading. "Mother, before I was ill, didn't I make bouquets and bandages for the sick at the hospital?" she asked, gently. "Yes, dear heart," responded the Countess, closing her book and drawing her daughter to her side, upon the sofa. "And, Father Joseph, didn't you carry them?"

"Yes, little Sister of Charity, and many a sad heart did those sweet flowers gladden," replied the priest.

"Well, I want to gladden and comfort more hearts again, and continue to do so all the rest of my life," she murmured, laying her head upon her mother's shoulder.

"So you shall, darling, and Father Joseph and I will assist you," replied the Countess, "but now it is time to take a little rest, and to-morrow we will begin."

"Father Joseph," said the Countess, after Eulalia had gone to her room, "since that night when Herr Berner bid me 'good-bye' and God gave me the wonderful light, of which I have told you, I have prayed that He would give me a work to do, for I feel that my life thus far has been a failure, and," she continued in a tremulous voice, "that

dear one has been given back to me as an angel to guide my footsteps to Heaven, and when you carry Eulalia's offerings to the afflicted at the hospital, and while you attend to their spiritual welfare, I will relieve their temporal wants. One-half of my income shall henceforth be given to God."

"I shall live to see the salvation of this house! Bless the Lord, oh, my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name," murmured the old priest as he knelt that night before the cross in his little room over the chapel.

Franze Berner had visited Villa Moncao and had gone to Gottengen, Germany. The two young men had been mutually pleased with each other. Both had been students of the Gottengen University. Herr Berner graduated the year before Luiz entered.

"My father was educated in Germany. He was a liberal thinker, and he loved his Alma Mater. I remember," continued Luiz, "hearing him tell Father Joseph that the Germans train men to think, and that a Protestant University in Portugal would cause a great reformation in the churches, and Father Joseph replied 'that the Church needed more of the spirit of Christ, and less formality.' "

"There are few priests so Christ-like as dear Father Joseph. He has been father and mother to us since we were children. Do you remember,

Henrique," continued Gloria, "how he would explain the life of Christ to us, and taught us to pray to God?"

"Yes," replied Henrique, "and I remember Father Manuel from Valenca, entering the room while we were praying one morning, and when we had finished, he asked: 'Why is it, Father Joseph, that you do not teach your pupils to ask the Holy Virgin's intercession for their sins?' 'Because,' he replied, 'Christ never taught it to His disciples.'

" 'But the Church teaches it; it is one of her dogmas.'

" 'I shall never teach any other but the doctrine and life of Jesus Christ,' replied Father Joseph in a decided voice."

"His sentiments are those of a Protestant," said Luiz. "And his life is that of a Christian," responded Herr Berner.

The palace and furniture were renovated. The rainy season was approaching. The Countess had written to them an account of the events at home, and was anxious for them to return. So, one beautiful morning, they bid good-bye to the servants, and Pedro took them in the carriage to the nearest station, and they reached the old Gray Palace at sunset. The Countess embraced her grandchildren and nephew in silence, which often expresses more than words. Eulalia had seen the photographs of her niece and nephew.

Gloria and Her Aunt Gathering Flowers

The next morning, they met her in the little sunny breakfast-room, and kissed her pale brow. She returned their caresses with a gentle smile.

After breakfast, Gloria went with her aunt to gather flowers for Father Joseph to take to the hospital. Henrique was cutting bandages, while Luiz conversed with the Countess.

"So, uncle has gone to Spain, to see Irene?"

"Yes, Henrique could not hear of her taking convent vows. He is, and always will be, an enemy to convents, and he has good reason for his prejudice," continued the Countess, "for he knew what his grandfather and uncle suffered in the Convent of Serra, on yonder hill, by the Miguelistas." (Subjects of Don Miguel.)

The Count returned with Irene, who was to go back to the convent in the spring, on condition that she should pass six months of the year at the old Gray Palace. The Christmas festival was over, and the new year was approaching. The bridal party had arrived. The Countess and Gloria, with Father Joseph, accompanied the party to Valenca. The Count would have nothing to do with them. Henrique was having one of his ill turns, and Irene felt it was her duty to keep Aunt Eulalia company.

"Yes, dear grandmother, you must go," pleaded Henrique, when the Countess expressed her fears about leaving him. "With Irene, and the house

full of servants, I shall not suffer for want of care; besides," he added, "you need a change."

"What was your object in deceiving us, and calling yourself at the University, a young man in moderate circumstances?" asked Alan Milford, as they were assembled in the dining-room, the day before the wedding.

"Well," replied Luiz, "I had various reasons. One was, I thought I should make more true friends among my fellow-students; and another was I wanted to find a wife who would love me for myself; and I have found her," he added, as he drew Alice to his side.

"I am sure, dear Luiz, if I had known you were a wealthy Count, I should never have dared to love you," whispered Alice.

"Your little stratagem has succeeded very well, for I should not have given my consent so readily. You know we have so many imposters among the titled men, that one must take time to prove which are genuine," said Mr. Milford, laughing.

"I thought the wedding was to be in the village church," exclaimed Mrs. Milford. "I declare the whole affair seems like a fairy tale."

"The palace chapel is where all the peasants in this part of the village worship; they are employed on the land belonging to my estate," replied Luiz.

The chapel had been decked by the village girls and boys, with green garlands and bright flowers,

The old Prior from the village had arrived. Alice, leaning on her uncle's arm, entered the little chapel from the palace, dressed in pure white, natural orange blossoms being her only ornament.

Alan Milford and Gloria were groomsman and bridesmaid. Father Joseph performed the ceremony, and a joyful smile spread over his care-worn face, as he gave them his blessing. The village children strewed flowers along their path as they left the chapel porch and entered the palace, where Margarida, the house-keeper, had prepared a bountiful repast for all. The great hall was given to the villagers for a dance and other amusements, and they returned home well pleased with the reception the young Count and his lovely bride had given them.

"I must say," exclaimed Margarida to John, her husband, after the family had retired, "I think the Count has done well. When I asked my lady what I should get for breakfast—and it is not very pleasant to have a mistress over you, where you have been your own mistress so many years,—'Oh, Margarida,' she cried, 'do just as you always have done; get what Mr. Luiz likes, and I shall like it.' Why, she put her arms around my old neck like a child, and said she hoped we should all have many happy New Years together."

"I always told you Luiz de Almedia would never marry, till he found the one that was made for him;

and, as it is, they are as much alike as two peas," replied John, as he pulled off his boots by the kitchen stove.

At the urgent request of Luiz and Alice, Mr. and Mrs. Milford, with Alan, had consented to pass a month at Valenca, while the Countess, Gloria, and Father Joseph went to Villa Moncao. The rainy season had filled the rivers and brooks, and revived all nature. Orange and lemon trees were bending with fruit and blossoms, and loading the air with sweet fragrance.

In our cold New England climate, with its brief summers and long winters, one can scarcely imagine the luxuriant beauty of the unchilled flowers that in this sunny land seem to bud and blossom of "their own sweet will." Flowers and shrubs that can only be coaxed to bloom by artificial heat in cold climates, here spread and grow, till they are rooted out by the gardener, like so many weeds.

This bright, romantic country had a charm for Alice and her uncle's family. One fine morning, Mr. and Mrs. Milford went to Villa Moncao to visit the Countess while the young people started on donkeys for the mountains.

"We must take a lunch with us," said Alice.

"We can get a good substantial lunch at a

peasant's cottage," replied Gloria. "It will be coarse food, Alice, but it will go to the hungry spot," exclaimed Luiz.

The donkeys trotted at a merry pace, passing groups of peasant women washing on the river bank. As they ascended the mountains, they passed the ruins of a picturesque old castle, almost hidden with moss and ivy.

"That was the castle of one of the Moorish lords, who owned nearly all this part of the country in the tenth century," said Luiz.

It was mid-day when they rode up to a peasant's cottage. "My good woman, can you give us something to eat," asked Luiz, of a peasant who stood at the door. "I can give you the peasant's fare, with God's blessing," she replied, as they followed her into the neat kitchen. Opening the door of another room, she invited them to rest, while she prepared a homely repast. Drawing out the table, she laid a snow white cloth on it, upon which she placed a pitcher of goat's milk with some brown bread, rich cheese, and a platter of fried sardines, with olives, a pitcher of claret wine, oranges, sweet lemons, grapes and figs.

"Well, this is inviting," exclaimed Alan, as they drew their chairs to the table. "I don't wonder that your peasants are such strong, healthy people, if this is their daily food."

"Yes, the land yields her fruits and vegetables

every month; no one need go hungry in this country," replied Luiz.

"And what beautiful straight forms and lovely faces the women have," added Alice.

"They have learned to carry themselves erect by carrying their burdens upon their heads. Outdoor exercise keeps them in perfect health. Doctors do not find many patients among ou peasantry," responded Gloria.

Luiz rewarded the woman for her hospitality, and he found the donkeys had not been forgotten by the man who brought them to the door.

"How far is it to the Spanish boundary, my good man?" he asked, as he put a sovereign into his hand. "Duas milhas, senhor." (Two miles, sir.) They soon reached the frontier, and rested at one of the soldiers' barracks. It was sunset, and the bells of the deserted convents in the distant hamlets chimed the hour of prayer.

The moments were impressive, and they rode in silence. The moon also had risen before our tired travelers saw the welcome lights from the palace windows on the distant hills.

Mr. Milford's family had gone home. Luiz and Alice went as far as Lisbon with them, to enjoy a month at the gay capital.

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"Father Joseph, is it my imagination, or is it a reality, that Eulalia is failing? She is so languid,"

asked the Countess a few days after their return to the old Gray Palace.

"I fear it is a reality; as her mind strengthens, her body weakens. Doctor Nunes expressed that fear to me at the first," replied the priest.

"I will not complain, since the Lord has given her back to brighten my pathway to the tomb," said the mother, in a sad voice, as she arose to seek her daughter. Eulalia was reclining in an easy chair in her room, with her lap filled with flowers. Irene sat on a low stool by her side, arranging the flowers into bouquets. After dinner, the Countess and Irene, accompanied by Father Joseph, carried fruit and dainties to the hospital.

Gloria was reading to Henrique and her aunt in the chamber, which had been closed so many years.

It was large and sunny, with a beautiful view of the river Douro and the hills beyond, where at sunset the chime bells would echo over the waters, and the moon rise above the church tower, until its shadow was reflected in the placid river. Eulalia loved the room, and passed the afternoons and evenings there, and it was the pleasant retreat of the family. Eulalia was sleeping, and Gloria closed the book.

"Henrique," she said in a low tone, "what a great change has come over grandmother since aunty's mind became clear."

"Yes," replied Henrique, with a smile, "and it has made us all happier and more united. Irene sees and feels the change. She told Father Joseph that she felt she was needed now at home, and should not go back to the Convent while aunty lived. She feels as we do, that she is passing away."

"I wish father would be more reconciled and cheerful," murmured Gloria.

As the spring-days approached, Eulalia failed rapidly. It was at the close of a lovely Sabbath day, and the Countess sat by her daughter's bedside.

"Mother," she murmured, "how good God was to give me back to you for a little while before He calls me home, and I have had such a happy visit. I may come often from the spirit land to visit you. Don't mourn for me, my own dear mother."

The family gathered around the bed, and the pure soul passed out of the body as gently as it came back to it, ten months before. They laid the dear form away in the vault in the little chapel, and a marble slab was laid over the place.

Oh, how they missed her! It seemed as if an angel had left them. Even the gloomy Count felt her loss.

"There never was a blessing that would remain in the old house; I believe it is fated," he sighed after the funeral.

"She stayed long enough to teach us how to live. God gave her a mission, and she has fulfilled it," said his mother. "She brought sunshine and joy with it."

"Yes, Henrique, and the sunbeams which she has left will never depart; they have made us better," responded Gloria.

"Amen," exclaimed Father Joseph, crossing himself.

"Gloria," said the Countess, a few days after the burial, as they were together in the drawing-room, "I wish you would move into your aunt's room. I don't think I shall stay long now, and I want my children near me while I am here. I have not given you the care and affection which I ought to have given. I was thinking of my own sorrow, until God changed my selfish heart. My mother died when I was a child. I was sent to a Convent, and when I was eighteen, I was taken out of the Convent and married to my uncle. I never loved him, although he was very kind to me. He died when Eulalia was five years old. She was my idol, and while her mind wandered, my heart was dead, but since she was given back to me, I have been a different and a happier woman; and now we must be all we can to each other while we live."

"Indeed, grandmother, we will make your life

so pleasant that you will never be sad again," said Gloria.

"Oh, grandmother, you have made and are making our lives happier," responded Henrique.

"Irene will be our angel now, and take Eulalia's place, will she not?" asked the Countess. The beautiful mute embraced her grandmother, and, with signs, she answered, "As long as God will let me."

CHAPTER III

HERR BERNER

FRANZE BERNER, as we have seen, was Gloria's German and music teacher, a true type of the nation, tall and stout, with laughing blue eyes, and a glorious voice. The Count had engaged him, when he first came to Porto as Professor of the University, and Gloria liked him and told him all her troubles, and his cheering words made her heart lighter. He was very gentle to her brother, and sang for him, and told delightful stories of the Fatherland.

Henrique would watch his coming, and sometimes the brother and sister would hear his splendid voice far away over the river, and, looking from one of the balconies, they could see the boatman coming with Herr Berner, bringing his guitar, and singing some sweet German song. Everyone liked him, and even the Countess would condescend to honor him with her presence and invite him to dine.

"You fill the house with sunshine, and the children are never so happy as when you are with them, Professor," said Father Joseph, one after-

noon, entering the music room where the pupils were singing a duet.

The day before that on which our story commenced, Herr Berner entered the music room, where Gloria sat weeping. She hastily wiped her eyes, and arose to meet her teacher.

"Why do you weep, Little One?"

"Because I don't want to marry my cousin," answered Gloria frankly, and with an irrepressible sob.

"And who says you shall?" asked the Professor, with a comical smile.

"My father writes that Luiz de Almedia is coming home with him, and I am to consider him as my future husband. I think the arrangement was made when we were children and my father wants me to marry him next May"

"Father Joseph has told me all about your grief, dear one, and I said to the good priest, 'I have a great love in my heart for the child, but I have no fortune to give her.'"

"Go, and tell her, and God bless you both," said the kind Father.

And Franze Berner put his arm around the young girl, and drew her to his side, and whispered loving and comforting words.

"Can you find a place in your heart for your old teacher?" he asked at last.

"Will you wait three years; then I shall be

twenty-one," asked Gloria, laying her head upon his shoulder, and smiling through her tears..

"Wait for you! I would die for you, and no one shall take the dear one from me;" and, as he pressed her to his heart, he gave a defiant nod to the walls of the old music-room; and Gloria knew and felt that she had found a noble heart, one who would love and cherish her; a heart that all the titles and wealth in the kingdom could not buy. They talked long and hopefully of their future lives together; they knew there were many crosses and trials to bear, before that time would come, but their love and confidence made them strong and fearless.

When Gloria went to vespers that evening, it was with a lighter and happier heart than she had ever known. As she left the little chapel, she met Father Joseph, and they sat on the stone seat in the old wall of the garden, conversing, while the dark shadow of the Gray Palace reflected on the golden river.

. . . . . .

It was one of those retired places which the traveler often sees in Portugal. A long two-story stone house with windows opening like doors on the verandas, which were filled with flowers. This rustic home stood in a large old-fashioned garden, where fruit trees, vegetables and flowers grew in wild profusion, and the whole was surrounded by

an old wall, in which were great rents caused by the earthquake at Lisbon, in 1755. These gaps were fastened together by pieces of iron which clasped each side.

It was nearly sunset. Herr Berner had just parted from his visitors, Luiz de Almedia and Alice, and now sat upon the portico reading, for the third time, Gloria's last letter.

"Dear Heart," he murmured, putting the letter back into his vest pocket, "it is as the Count de Valenca says, 'A man feels better and stronger when he knows he is loved by a pure, noble woman',—but what can the dear one find in a great, clumsy fellow, like me, to love?"

"She finds what every wise woman will look for, an upright man, which is 'the noblest work of God,'" replied his fond mother, coming behind his chair and stroking his curly head.

"What good there is in me, I owe to God, and you, mother." Franze Berner arose, and putting his arm around his mother, they entered the cozy drawing-room. Emilia had lighted the lamp, and Mrs. Berner read the evening chapter; after that they sang together a hymn of the Fatherland.

One morning in June, as Gloria sat on one of the verandas, which overlooked the river, enjoying the cool breeze and the merry songs of the peasant men and women, as they sailed by, bringing to the city the produce from their little farms,

Father Joseph entered the room, with the morning mail, and gave a letter to Gloria, which she hid in her bosom, until she had finished the bouquets that Irene and the priest were to take to the hospital. She had thought, and was thinking now, of telling her grandmother about her happiness, when they were alone. From these pleasant thoughts, Gloria was startled by an exclamation from the Countess, who was reading a letter.

"Viscount de Costello coming back to Portugal! Why, I thought he died long ago in Goa, India."

"Who is he? He is not coming here, is he, grandmother?" asked Gloria, in dismay.

"He is your mother's cousin, a wild, dissolute fellow, who went to India, fifteen years ago. He has made a large fortune there, so he says, and is coming home to remain."

"Is he married?" asked Gloria, nervously.

"Your father writes that he intends to remodel the old place at Cintra, and keep 'Bachelor's Hall.'"

Gloria had finished the last bouquet, and she hurried into the garden, to read her letter.

"Dear Franze, you are better than all the gold and titles in the world; every letter you write comforts me, and I constantly find something new to admire in you." Gloria entered the drawing-room, with a brighter light in her eye and a sweeter smile upon her beautiful face.

"Henrique," asked Father Joseph, "will you go with Irene and me to see some fine paintings on exhibition at the Crystal Palace?"

"Are you not going to the hospital?" asked Henrique. "Yes, but we shall not stop long."

Gloria watched the carriage drive out of the avenue. When the great gates closed after it, she turned from the window, and, drawing an ottoman to the side of the Countess' chair, she laid her head upon her grandmother's knee.

"May I tell you a secret, grandmother?"

"Certainly, my dear," replied her grandmother, smiling, "but first tell me how long you have had this secret?"

"Almost a year," and Gloria lifted her head, and told all about her love, her hopes, and fears.

"Dear child, Father Joseph has told me something about this. I have been waiting for you to have confidence in me, to tell me all, and I rejoice in your choice. Herr Berner is a noble, unselfish man. I will send him my congratulations."

"Oh, will you! Grandmother, you have made me very happy!" exclaimed Gloria, raining kisses upon the face of the Countess.

"There, there, child, don't smother me!—and we might as well write the letters now while the fire burns." And the Countess arose to seat herself at her writing-desk, and Gloria ran to her room for the same purpose.

"Oh, grandmother, I would like to see Franze's face when he reads your letter!"

"It is time I made someone happy," replied the Countess, with a sad smile.

That evening at vespers, Gloria sat a long time in the little chapel, relating to Father Joseph all that had happened.

"If father could see this as grandmother does, how happy I should be!" she exclaimed.

"Your father does not know Herr Berner as well as the Countess does."

"He will learn to like Franze when he knows him; no one could help liking him," replied Gloria, proudly.

Franze Berner received the letters on the next day, and with an exclamation of joy, he handed the Countess' letter to his mother; and, opening Gloria's, eagerly devoured its contents.

"If the Count would give his consent, I should be the happiest man in the world. You will accept the Countess' invitation with me, mother?"

"Yes, there is no reason why I should not, I want to see Gloria, and I think the Countess and I will be warm friends."

And so it was arranged that they should pass a week at the old Gray Palace. Gloria was already at the station, an hour before the train arrived.

"We shall have time, Manuel, to drive over to the barracks and leave grandmother's parcels, for

the sick soldiers," she said, and they returned just as the cars came puffing into the station.

"Is it really yourself, or is it your shadow?" asked Gloria, as Franze Berner pressed her hands between his, after introducing her to his little mother.

"I have not seen Franze for almost a year; not since he went to Lisbon!"

"You are constantly in his thoughts, and I do not wonder at it," replied Mrs. Berner, looking fondly at Gloria.

The Countess and Mrs. Berner became immediately firm friends.

"I shall inform my son, when he returns, not that I think he will consent to the engagement, but because he ought to know of it, whatever the consequences may be; and Gloria thinks as I do."

The Countess and Father Joseph took their visitors to every place of importance in the ancient city. They visited the old palace, in which Carlos Albert, the valiant captain of the Italian cause, found a refuge after resigning to his son, Victor Manuel. In the same palace, Pedro IV, King of Portugal, after resigning the throne to his daughter, Maria, the Second, lived and died, giving his heart to the Church of the Lappa; where it is seen preserved in alcohol; and to the same palace fled his son, Dom Pedro I, ex-Emperor of Brazil. Thus

Porto was the refuge and had the affection of three noble, but unfortunate, monarchs.

One day they visited the old Convent of Serro do Pilar, on the hill over the river, which had been the scene in the past of many a fearful conflict of arms.

"It was here that General Wellington and his army stood, while preventing Bonaparte's soldiers from crossing the river and taking the city," said Father Joseph.

"I suppose these embrasures, with the cannon and ball, are the same as the general left them?"

"Just the same; the Portuguese will not have them disturbed, and from these heights the soldiers guarded the city," replied the old priest.

"The Spaniards would like to devour us," laughed Gloria.

Weeds and bushes were growing in the cells of the deserted convent, and were working their way to the sunlight through the broken iron bars of the windows.

"Oh, if those cells could speak, what a sad story they might tell!" sighed Gloria.

"It is a dark, dull life for the young, I know from experience," responded her grandmother, as they crossed the bridge.

"There is where I lost ten years of my life," continued the Countess, sadly, looking down upon

the ruins of the Convent of St. Maria, as they rode over the hill to the old Gray Palace.

The days passed quietly. Gloria and Franze had many happy hours together in the pleasant garden, or while sailing upon the placid river. The Count returned the day before their visit ended. He greeted Herr Berner and his mother with genuine hospitality, and urged them to extend their visit.

"We cannot find words to express the pleasure you have given us; I shall return to my labor with greater zeal," exclaimed Herr Berner, as they parted from the family the next day. Gloria had learned much during this visit to strengthen her in trials which were to come. "Dear child," said the little mother, one day, putting her arms around Gloria, and kissing her, "How could Franze help loving you? I often long for a daughter," and Franze's last words:—'The more we suffer for each other, the stronger our love will be.' The sun is behind the clouds; have courage and look beyond, Dear Heart."

"Henrique," said the Countess, the next day, Gloria is betrothed to Herr Berner; they will be married when she is twenty-one. I am pleased with the engagement."

She stopped to see what affect her words had upon her son. If an earthquake had struck the

Convent of St. Maria

old Gray Palace, the Count of Villa Moncao would not have been more astonished.

"Betrothed, and without my consent or knowledge, to a worthless foreigner! Why didn't the sneaking fellow consult me?" he roared, as soon as he recovered from the shock.

"Herr Berner is a gentleman, holding an honorable position, and with a salary sufficient to satisfy all needs. He wanted to ask your consent, but I knew you would not give it, and I advised him to wait until Gloria was twenty-one; then she can command her part of her mother's property. She has chosen wisely, and you have no right to interfere."

"I have a right to disown her if she marries without my consent. What, in thunder, has put it into the heads of Luiz and Gloria to wish to marry foreigners?"

"It may be that the mania in the blood is working that way to purify the race," replied the Countess, smiling.

"Oh, nonsense, mother, the family of Villa Moncao has always been an honorable one, noted for its bravery and integrity."

"Also for its pride and selfishness," responded his mother.

The Count left the room in anger; and almost, for the first time in his life, sought Father Joseph's advice and sympathy.

"It is not my duty to interfere. 'What God sees fit to join together, let no man put asunder,' " replied the old priest.

The Count had formed the plan of a brilliant marriage for his daughter with the Viscount de Costello, and now that scheme was to be defeated.

It was October, the vintage season had again returned, and the Count had gone to Villa Moncao. One sunny afternoon, the Countess and Gloria were alone in Eulalia's chamber. Gloria was reading, and her grandmother was dozing in her arm chair. A sigh from the Countess caused Gloria to look up. She was startled by the thin, pale face. She thought of her dreary childhood, her unhappy marriage, and how dear she had been to them the past year. Tears filled her eyes, as she put aside her book, and drawing an ottoman to her grandmother's side, she laid her head upon her knee.

The Countess opened her eyes, and looked down upon the tearful face.

"What is it, darling?" she asked, tenderly stroking Gloria's hair.

"I was thinking how much you have suffered all your life."

"And this sorrow should have made me a better woman long ago, but for my selfish, rebellious heart," sighed her grandmother.

The door opened, and Henrique, holding a basket of tea roses and other flowers of the season,

was wheeled in his invalid chair into the room by Irene, whose lovely face beamed with smiles.

"She is an angel of love," murmured the grandmother, beckoning to Irene, whom she fondly embraced; then seeing Henrique's earnest look, she pressed a kiss upon his brow.

"Oh, dear children, how much love you need in this world, and how little I have given you."

"Dear grandmother, think how much we have to be thankful for."

"I will, my dear boy, you have taught me many a lesson."

"I dreamed last night of Aunt Eulalia; she looked very happy, and smiled at me," said Henrique.

"I dream of her often, and sometimes I feel her presence when I awake in the lonely hours of the night," sighed the Countess.

"Father Joseph," asked Gloria, anxiously, that evening after vespers, "do you think grandmother is failing?"

"Yes, my child, she has changed much since her daughter's death."

"It may be, Gloria," said her grandmother, one evening when they were alone, "when I have laid down my cross, and I feel that the time is very near, that your father may relent. He is coming home to-morrow. I will talk to him again; perhaps I was too harsh in asserting your rights;

and, Gloria," she added, "you will be lenient with your father; remember he has had many disappointments."

"I will do what is right; let the consequence be what it may."

"I know you will, my child."

"It was half past ten o'clock, Donna Gloria, and the Countess has not rang for her breakfast, and she always has it at ten," said Sara, a few days after the above conversation.

"Grandmother must have over slept this morning; I will go and see."

Gloria knocked lightly at the door, and, receiving no response, she opened it, approaching the bed, gazed upon her grandmother's face. A placid smile rested upon the worn features.

"She has pleasant dreams," thought Gloria,—then the stillness of the face alarmed her.

"Grandmother," she cried, laying her hand upon her forehead. It was cold. She had laid down her cross.

Gloria made no outcry; but, kneeling by the bedside, buried her face in her hands, and thought of her loss. She arose and kissed the cold brow.

"I will not be selfish and wish you back, dear grandmother," she murmured, as she wiped her tearful eyes, and gently closing the door, she hurried to tell the sad news to Father Joseph.

The Countess' death was a great blow to her

son. He loved his mother, and had she lived, he might have consented to Gloria's choice. Friends of the family followed the body to its last resting-place in the family chapel. The vault was again opened, and the Countess' body was laid by the side of Eulalia's.

In Portugal, the family never follow their dead to the grave, but remain at home and receive the consolation of friends after the burial. The Countess left a will, in which she gave one-half of her income for the benefit of the poor inmates at the hospital of St. Antonio, and the other half was equally divided among her three grandchildren and Father Joseph.

The customary days of mourning were over, the shutters were opened, and the sunbeams came again into the windows of the old Gray Palace; but there was a vacant chair; a sadness in the hearts of the children; and as Gloria looked at the gloomy face of her father, she yearned to put her arms around him and comfort him.

CHAPTER IV

THE VISCOUNT DUARTE DE COSTELLO

THE Easter days were approaching. Gloria, Manuel, and Sara were trimming the little chapel with evergreen and flowers. Irene was laying garlands on the slabs over Eulalia's and the Countess' grave; Henrique sat in his invalid chair, watching the workers. The Count looked in at the opened door. The wistful glance of Henrique smote his heart; going to his side, he asked, "How is your back to-day, Henrique?"

"It is better," he replied, with a bright smile.

"But I never hear you complain, my dear boy."

"Christ suffered for the whole world; He never complained. Why should I?"

As the Count looked at the dark circles under the hollow eyes of his son, he knew that Henrique passed many a sleepless night in pain, and a sudden pang of remorse touched his heart.

"I wish I could ease your suffering," said his father, smoothing the damp hair on the pale brow.

"You have already. Oh, dear father, if you would give us the love which grandmother gave us, I should be so happy."

"You shall have it, Henrique, and we will be better friends for the future."

That evening, instead of shutting himself in his room, the Count brought his papers and sat with his children and Father Joseph in the drawing-room; and it was with a glad heart that they gave him their good-night kiss.

"Henrique has found the key to unlock father's heart at last," said Gloria, joyfully, to Father Joseph, the next day. Father has written a letter to Luiz and Alice, inviting them to pass Easter with us."

"God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform," repeated the old priest. Although the Count had never quite forgiven what he called "Luiz's deceit," yet he had always been on speaking terms with him.

One evening, a few days after their arrival, the Count entered the drawing-room with his evening papers and a letter.

"You remember Father Joseph, the Viscount de Costello, who went to India about fifteen years ago?"

"I think I do," he replied, laying down his paper.

"Well, he has come back to Portugal, and is in Cintra, remodelling the old palace."

"That was a fine old place, and the scenery cannot be surpassed in this part of the country," responded Father Joseph.

"I believe Cintra was called, 'The Eden of Portugal,' by Lord Byron," said Alice. "Luiz and I passed a delightful month there; we visited the Castle of Pena, the King's Palace, and every place of interest."

"We rode by the Palace de Costello, Alice. Don't you remember that long palace with the immense lawn, which you admired so much?"

"Oh, yes, and where we stopped the carriage to get a view of the ocean," exclaimed Alice.

"He writes that he is coming to Porto on business, and will make us a visit. He may arrive any day."

Poor Gloria, a presentiment of evil, a dread to meet this man filled her heart with misery, and she was determined to keep out of his sight as much as possible. A letter from Herr Berner, saying, "that he would pass the Easter holidays with old friends in Porto," enlivened Gloria's spirits. Sometimes Luiz, Alice, and Gloria would ride into the country, and take Franze Berner into the carriage. He would be waiting or walking along the same road. These meetings were a comfort to Gloria, and Franze declared that "stolen fruit was always the sweetest."

Easter was over. Luiz and Alice had gone. The Viscount had not arrived, and Gloria's fears were somewhat dispelled. Spring had come, sweet warm winds were swaying the branches on the

orange-trees, filling the air with perfume. The clock in the old tower of the little chapel had just struck four. Gloria closed her book, and, going to the window, she gazed upon the old familiar landscape. The old-fashioned garden was a wilderness of sweets. Birds were singing on every tree, and mingled with their song was the wild music of the rushing river, as it dashed over the stones on its way to the ocean, but amid all nature's treasures, Gloria felt lonely and depressed.

"Can that be the Viscount de Costello coming up the avenue with father," she asked, turning from the window.

"Perhaps it is; your father has been expecting him for some time," replied Father Joseph, closing the book he was reading.

The dinner bell rang. Gloria was the last to enter the dining-room. The Count after introducing her to the Viscount, looked anxiously at her pale face.

"Are you ill, Gloria?" he asked.

"No, father, I am quite well, thank you."

After the dessert was removed, they left the Count and Duarte de Costello to talk over their wine.

Father Joseph had already formed his opinion of the Viscount's past life. Indeed, a man's face is generally an index of a man's life;—sometimes the speech,—and often both. He was perhaps

forty years old, middle-sized, and rather stout. It was not the features, but the expression of the face that was against him. The cunning malice in the keen black eye; the sensuality in the thick lips, which were partly hidden by a black mustache.

"I would not trust that man if I had to take his face for a recommendation," said Henrique to Gloria, when they were again in the drawing-room.

"By Jove, that is a queenly girl, Count," exclaimed the Viscount, when they were alone, "and she is as proud as she is beautiful," continued he.

"Yes, but it is not the kind of pride which suits me," replied the Count, sipping his wine. "She intends to marry a poor German teacher.

"When?"

"In a year or more, when she is twenty-one; times have changed since you and I were boys. The convents which were used to educate and guard young girls until they were taken out to be married, have no place in the country now. The reign of Maria, the Second, completely changed the life of our women; they are asserting what they call their rights; and there are three young women studying medicine in the University at Lisbon. Several more have been admitted into the law school at Mafra, and they are trying to get access into the University at Coimbra."

"Good Lord, you don't mean it!" exclaimed the Viscount.

"Braz Miranda came home from Mafra during Easter. He says some of the fellows can't hold a candle to them in an argument, and," continued the Count, "Braz says they mean business, and are as independent as you please."

"How do the boys like the petticoat students," asked the Viscount.

"Oh, Braz says some of the lazy ones are indignant, because they get laughed at when a petticoat answers the question they can't answer, but it has one good effect, it makes them study more."

"Do they call them petticoats?"

"They used to, but Braz says they have left it off since the girls began to reply. Sometimes a fellow student, in passing a girl student, would cry out, 'How do you do, Petticoat,' and she would reply, 'Very well, Breeches.' "

"That don't sound much like our Portuguese girls, when we were boys," said the Viscount, laughing. "What does Father Joseph say about it?"

"Oh, Father Joseph is always peculiar, and Gloria can make him believe what she does. Why he says if God has given women the talent and ability, she ought to use it for the benefit of others."

"How about St. Paul? Don't he command the

women to be silent and obey their superiors, or something of that sort?"

"Just what Braz asked Father Joseph, who opened the Bible at Joel 2-28: 'And your sons and your daughters shall prophecy.' "

"I suppose the English have helped to bring about this change in our women," continued the Count. "There are ten thousand or more in Lisbon, and as many in Porto. My vineyards are leased to an English company. I reserve only enough wine for my family to use."

The bell was chiming for evening prayers. Duarte de Costello was standing by the drawing-room window. Henrique, leaning on Gloria's arm, following Father Joseph and Irene, passed the window, and entered the chapel.

"By Heavens, she is a trump; and I'll win her at whatever the cost may be. She will be the finest piece of furniture I can put into the old palace," he muttered.

During the few days of the Viscount's visit, Gloria felt the same disgust which Henrique had expressed. Sometimes, when they were walking in the garden, he would join them and try to converse with Gloria, but Henrique would always express fatigue; and Gloria, glad of an excuse, would attend her brother to his room, and there she would read to him until he slept.

"Why don't you and Henrique come into the

Father Joseph Entering the Chapel

drawing-room now?" asked the Count, in a stern voice, one day.

"Because, father, Henrique is sensitive and nervous before strangers."

"Can't Irene or Father Joseph stay with him, and relieve you sometimes?"

"But, father, Henrique is so accustomed to me, and I fear it will not be long before he will be beyond our care."

"Where is he?" asked the Count, in a softer voice.

"I left him in aunt's room, while I went for this book. I am going to him now."

The Count entered the chamber with Gloria. Henrique sat in his invalid chair, with eyes half closed. He smiled and held out his hand as his father approached.

"How are you to-day, Henrique; any pain?"

"No, father, only a little weak. I shall be stronger soon."

"Do you take the medicine Doctor Nunez ordered?"

"Yes, sir, and it has relieved my pain.

. . . . . .

"You have my consent, Duarte, but you will find it hard to persuade Gloria; you see how she avoids you."

"Oh, that is no sign she does not like me. Some women take that way to blind those they do love,

especially if they are betrothed to an inferior man, and want to give him up. I should say," continued the Viscount, "that Gloria wants to, but don't know how to cancel this hasty contract of marriage. Where is this German ragamuffin? And where did she find him?"

"He was Gloria's German and music teacher, but now he is a Professor in the University at Lisbon," replied the Count.

"Has the German asked your consent?"

"He has written to me, asking for it. I wrote to him that I should disinherit Gloria, if he married her."

"That was to the point. What did Gloria say to that?"

"She has never mentioned his name to me. My mother told me of the engagement, and she sanctioned it a few weeks before she died."

Duarte de Costello's life had been a wild one. In early life he had showed a love for gambling, until he had become a proficient gambler. He married a frail, but lovely, Italian girl, who, when fortune attended him in the gambler's room, he treated with apparent kindness; but when ill-luck overtook him, all his rage fell upon her innocent head. One night, after he had lost his last dollar at the gambling-table, Duarte de Costello started to his feet, and gazed upon the group of mad players. "Ruined, a ruined gambler!" he shrieked.

"Not so, Viscount," whispered the banker's rake, "you have that pretty wife; stake on her, sign this paper. I'll lend you one hundred pounds." With a trembling hand he signed the paper. He won. He doubled his last stake, and won again and again. It was strange luck. He played on and on. At last, the clock struck the hour for closing. Duarte de Costello rushed to his lodgings.

"Lou," he shouted, "wake up, and listen to the unheard of luck I've had tonight."

He bent over the thin face. The eyes were half closed. No breath came from the tightly-drawn lips. Luisa de Costello was dead. Coroner's verdict, consumption. God's verdict, cruelty and starvation. And this is a glimpse of the character of the Viscount de Costello. Why should not the pure, the noble and brave Gloria Mello, recoil from such a monster?

"Well, Count, as you have concluded to go to Cintra with me next week, can't we induce Donna Gloria to go also?

"You can ask her; but I doubt if she would leave Henrique. She will not leave him even to come into the drawing-room."

The Count was called away, and the Viscount stood alone by the window, gazing at Gloria, who was walking in the garden, with Irene.

"Yes, by Jove, I'll tame the vixen when I have the chance. I believe she has bewitched me. I

know I've been a devil, but that splendid woman could make almost a saint of me. She will be a hard prize to win, but she is worth the toil."

"No, father, it will only worry Henrique to ask him, and I will not go; that is decided," replied Gloria, firmly.

"I am sure Henrique will not be so selfish as to deny you the pleasure this visit to Cintra would give you," added the Count.

"My brother is far from being selfish, and he well knows that my greatest pleasure is to make him happy," replied Gloria, coldly.

"She has got a will of her own; there is 'no go' there, when she says so," exclaimed the Count, as Gloria closed the door behind her.

"She will go sometime," replied the Viscount, and an ugly gleam shone in his eye.

CHAPTER V

THE PALACE OF THE VISCOUNT DE COSTELLO

THE palace of the ancestors of Duarte de Costello was a magnificent place. The battlements around the roof gave it a rural aspect, as it was situated on a large lawn, which, unlike other old palaces in Portugal, was bordered with shrubbery, as if the inmates wished the passers-by to enjoy the beautiful place, while beyond the woods and fields behind the palace, glittered the blue ocean.

It was early afternoon when the carriage containing the Count and Viscount drove up the wide avenue to the palace.

"Well, Duarte, this is a paradise!" exclaimed the Count, looking around him.

"Do you wonder that I want Gloria to adorn this blissful place, and enjoy its pleasures with me?"

"No, she ought to listen to reason."

The two men stood gazing on the landscape, or rather the Count gazed, the Viscount was reading the latter's face.

"A rich addition to the house of Villa Moncao, he thinks."

"Gloria must see this enchanting view. It may work like magic," soliloquized the Count.

"She will come, she will see; and I will conquer," exclaimed the Viscount, twisting his mustache, and with a cunning gleam in his eyes.

The main entrance of the palace opened into a wide hall, ascending the broad, oaken stairs, which entered the picture gallery. The walls were covered with old family portraits, with here and there a bright landscape, the work of some noted artist. Beyond the gallery was a suite of rooms. The lofty fresco ceiling and bright panelled walls, the large windows, rich in colored glass, and the costly furniture, gave the rooms a royal aspect.

"Here are two apartments which I have prepared for my mate, my bird," laughed the Viscount, drawing aside the heavy curtains. One was a large room with a Turkish carpet and rich furniture, but beyond the high arch was a ladies' boudoir, a fairy-like place, with couches and ottomans in pale blue and golden silk, with large mirrors and delicate costly ornaments on the mantle. A bird was singing in its cage in the midst of rare plants and ferns. It was a fine contrast to the drawing-room, which opened into it.

"You have an artistic eye, Duarte, and have

studied a woman's taste in arranging this room."

"Do you think Gloria will like it?"

"A woman must be an idiot not to like it," he replied.

The Count followed his host through the palace, admiring the grand rooms. In the upper story the relics of the Viscount's ancestors had been carried; oaken chests and bedsteads with their faded damask curtains, and strange but beautiful Moorish carvings, high-backed chairs with leather seats and brass nails; Moorish pottery and vases. This ancient furniture gave the room the aspect of a home in olden time.

"Come away from that old rubbish and see how bright I've made the little chapel at the gate. I am glad my ancestors had sense enough not to join it to the palace. I would just as soon have a graveyard in my house as to have a church. That clock and those chime bells I imported," continued the Viscount, twisting his mustache with an important air, as they stood surveying the ivy-covered tower.

There we will leave them, and return to the Gray Palace. Father Joseph and Irene were in the garden, Henrique lay upon the lounge in Eulalia's chamber, and Gloria sat upon an ottoman by his side.

"And you feel better, to-day, Henrique?"

"Yes, sister, I am glad Viscount de Costello

has gone. I hope I shall never see him again. His presence irritated me. Gloria, I am afraid that he will try to persuade father to harass you into a marriage with him. I know you would never yield, but I cannot bear the thought of his annoying you. Oh, my dear sister," continued he, "I would be so happy; I could die so peacefully, if I could leave you in the care of Herr Berner; if you could love each other." A tear trembled on Henrique's eye-lids, and found an answering one on Gloria's.

"Henrique, I should have told you before, but I was afraid you would think that I loved you less. Herr Berner does love me, and I have promised to be his wife, when I am twenty-one."

A surprised and joyful expression lighted his wan face, and drawing Gloria's face to his, he kissed her, as he whispered:

"Tell me all about it, my sweet sister."

Oh, what a relief to Gloria's sad heart, to know that this had been her brother's dearest wish. She told him all, in the waning afternoon, and, as she finished, she added, "I wish now I had told you long ago, I fear you have worried about me."

"Never before Duarte de Costello came," replied Henrique, with a bright smile; "and you have told me soon enough, dear sister."

As the long summer days approached, Henrique grew more languid. One day, when speaking of

his death and meeting the loved ones gone before, tears gathered in Gloria's eyes, and one fell upon his brow.

"Sister Gloria, don't weep for me, but rejoice! I shall be free from pain, from sorrow and sin, and happy with Christ. You would not hold me here, when He calls me?"

The Count returned that evening, and met Doctor Nunez leaving the palace.

"He will linger but a day or two," was the doctor's reply to the anxious inquiry. The Count hastened to his son's bedside. Henrique put up his arms, with a yearning cry, which touched an answering cord in the father's heart, that had never before been awakened, and this proud, selfish man was humbled.

"Oh, my boy, forgive me; would that I had been a better father to you!"

"I have nothing to forgive. I have loved you all my life, dear father. I would like to see Luiz and Alice, and my beloved teacher, Herr Berner, father," whispered the dying boy, unclasping his arms from his father's neck.

"Send a telegram to Luiz and Herr Berner, Gloria," said the Count, in a husky voice, as he went to his room.

The morning light brought Luiz and Alice. Father Joseph was reading the comforting words of our Saviour's last prayer. The Count sat at

the foot of the bed, with bowed head. Irene was by his side. Luiz and Alice knelt by Father Joseph's side, and Gloria's arm was under the pillow supporting Henrique's head. The door was gently opened, and Herr Berner softly entered the room. The laughing blue eyes were changed to a sad, troubled expression.

He bent his noble head in answering sympathy to the silent group, and taking the cold hand which Henrique extended, pressed it to his lips, and knelt by Gloria's side. The dying boy laid the hand over that of Gloria, and with a pleading look at his father's face, he feebly whispered,—

"Dear father, give them your blessing." One convulsive sigh, and the suffering body was forever at rest. Gloria closed the sweet eyes, and pressed one long lingering kiss upon the dear face. Herr Berner put his arm around her, and led her into the garden.

Henrique's body was laid by the side of his mother. Gloria had told Franze Berner of their last conversation, and Henrique's last words sent a joyful throb through the hearts of both.

The Count had given his hand at parting, and Herr Berner returned to Lisbon to love, to trust, and wait.

Duarte de Costello had come and gone. The contrast in the mien of these two men was very conspicuous, when they were brought together.

One repulsive, and the other attractive. The Count noticed it; and even the Viscount felt this inferiority.

"You are, by a devilish sight, the best looking mate for my bird; but my cage will make up for that deficiency," he muttered.

Luiz and Alice had gone, and the family at the Gray Palace were preparing for Villa Moncao. Henrique's death had caused the Count to think. He had long seen the beautiful love his children had for each other, but he had never felt the power of that filial love, until now. Henrique had loosed his heart-strings, and, like King Agrippa, he was almost persuaded to become a Christian, and give his consent to Herr Berner.

They were taking their after-dinner walk. Irene walked by Father Joseph's side, and Gloria followed, leaning on her father's arm.

"Herr Berner is about the finest looking man I ever saw," said the Count, abruptly. It was the first time he had mentioned his name to her. A bright glow spread over Gloria's face.

"And he is as good as he looks," she replied.

"I have no doubt of it, but he has no title, no fortune."

"Is that a sin, Father? He has a good salary, and is highly esteemed by the nobility in Lisbon, even our good and gracious Queen has called with the Princes to see his mother."

"That does speak well of him," said the Count, thoughtfully.

The rainy season was over. The Count de Valenca, with Alice and little Luiz had gone to Italy to pass the winter, and the Count's family had returned to Porto.

"Father Joseph, don't you think father likes Franze?" asked Gloria, one day.

"Yes," replied the old priest, "your father asked me yesterday what I thought of Herr Berner; and if that wicked Duarte de Costello would let him alone, he would not oppose your marriage to him." The Count was indeed trying to conquer his ambitious desire for more wealth.

"I would like to see the Sisters in the Convent, if you and Gloria can spare me," expressed Irene to her father, one day.

"Certainly, she needs a change, father, although we shall miss her very much."

Gloria and the Count accompanied Irene to Zamora, Spain, where she was joyfully received by the Sisters.

"You will write often, Irene," motioned Gloria to her sister, as they embraced each other.

A few days after their return, Father Joseph received a letter from his only brother at Fayal, Azores Islands, urging him to visit them; his health was failing and he was anxious to see him.

"It is only a two days' voyage," said the Count.

The old priest looked at Gloria, whose face was very pale.

"How could she let him go so far away?" In six months she would be twenty-one. She would need him then, and what might happen before that time? What trials? What sorrows? She went into the little chapel, and knelt before the altar.

"I will trust in God; take up my cross, and not be selfish, but brave and true," sobbed Gloria.

"Amen!" responded the old priest, taking her hand, and leading her into the garden.

"Duty calls, and you must go, dear Father Joseph."

"You know where to look for help and comfort. I shall carry you every day to God in my prayers. I know when you need me, and will return in season."

"Father Joseph, if God draws near to us, when we draw near to Him, do not the spirits of those we love, who have gone to Him, come to us, also, when we think of them? Do we not draw them to us, and they draw us to them?"

"Yes, my child, does not St. Paul say, 'Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who are heirs of salvation?' God often takes the souls we love here, that their spirits may draw ours to them; and thus to Him. Oh the love, the mercy and goodness of God is past understanding. Sometimes we get a glimpse of

it, and then the soul leaps upward for a stronger light, and our Heavenly Father says, 'Wait, child, I will give what is sufficient for you on earth; but you could not bear the full depth of my love; like the sun it would dazzle you. Wait, child, until I call you home.' "

With these comforting words, Gloria dried her tears and went to work packing Father Joseph's trunk with articles needed for the voyage. The morning after the priest's departure, Gloria awoke with a sense of loneliness. She lay thinking over all that had passed since Luiz's marriage. How many changes in that short time. She heard her father leave his room, and, hastily dressing, met him, with a bright smile, in the little breakfast room.

"We are all alone now, father," she said, in a gay tone, as she kissed his brow, "and I will try to make you happy."

Gloria studied his every wish. She read or played and sang for him, and when they rode, or walked, in the park around the Crystal Palace, he was proud of the attention she drew from the passers-by; but Gloria seemed unconscious of their admiration.

One evening, a few weeks before Carnival, a servant entered the drawing-room with the letters and papers. There was a letter from Father Joseph; one from Irene, and another from Herr

Berner, which Gloria put in the bosom of her dress.

"A letter for you, father," said she, growing pale, on seeing the post-mark. The Count laid down his paper and opened the letter.

"Viscount de Costello is coming to Porto, to pass the Carnival with us," said the Count, throwing the letter upon the table, with a frown.

"Shall I read you Father Joseph's, and Irene's letters?"

"Yes, Gloria."

They were full of peace and love. She laid them upon the table.

"I feel weary, and if you don't want me, I think I will go to my room, father."

"Yes, child, go," said the Count, kissing her, as she bid him good night.

She drew the letter from her bosom, and read Franze Berner's cheering words.

"I am counting the months now, dearest, when I shall claim you as all my own."

"Never a joy without a sorrow," murmured Gloria. "Oh, if that man would stay away! Father and I are so happy together, and now, like an evil spirit, he is coming between us.

The Carnival, also called shrove-tide, and (Entrudo) Entrusion, which means to play tricks, to make merry, commences on the Tuesday before Lent, and continues one week. The Portuguese

are a fun-loving people, generous and open-hearted, and they live as if they were determined to get all the enjoyment they can out of life. Their greatest ambition is to be happy, and entertain each other.

The Carnival is a Roman Catholic festival, and to a stranger, who has never seen Entrusion, the first time, it may seem rude, but it is the custom of the country, and "When you are with Romans, you must do as the Romans do." During Carnival, a gentleman may pass you on the street. He has a large tube of scented water, which he will squirt in your face, which will startle you and cause you to make some remark, and he will say, "I perceive that the lady is a stranger, you must pay me in my own coin," and then he will present her with a tube of scented water, a number of which he carries in his pocket.

Again, a boy will meet a woman, who is a stranger, and will politely ask her to let him take a paper from her back, and, at the same time, he will pin a paper with these words written upon it, "I am very foolish," or, "I want a husband," and he will present her with a piece of paper, which he pretends he has taken from the back of her dress, while some roguish girl, at the window above, will drop, on a piece of thread, a paper dunce hat, so that it will fall upon the top of her bonnet. But the best way I enjoy the Carnival is to go on the

veranda of a window in the principal streets, where the people and the procession pass. There, with a syringe and a pail of scented water, and small paper bags of flour, peas, and beans, you can pelt the passers-by and be out of their reach, and enjoy the fun, see the procession and the carriages of the Masquerade, followed by the band of droll musicians.

After the theatre there are masquerade balls, which do not close until three or four o'clock in the morning; and with all this merry-making, there is also great feasting, on the last three days the Carnival is at its height. After Entrusion "the Gallegos," men from the north of Spain, sweep from the streets, at night, the lupins, peas and beans, and after this the Portuguese begin to prepare for Easter.

"You know, you gave me your consent, Count, if I could win her; and," he added, "the coast is clear. I'll have a fair trial now, that sanctified old priest is out of my path."

Gloria treated the Viscount coldly, and answered his questions in monosyllables. One afternoon, during the Carnival, while walking with her father in the public park, Duarte de Costello came to her side.

"My dear Miss Mello," he asked, simpering, "are you aware that all the ladies are dying of envy?

You are the brightest star among them; you eclipse them all."

"Then, I think it is time for me to leave. Father," she added, taking her father's arm, "I am tired; if you wish to remain longer, I will rest in the carriage."

The Count frowned as he lead Gloria to the carriage. The father and daughter were again drifting apart.

"Proud as Lucifer! Curse the vixen; if I can get her to Cintra, I'll tame her," grumbled the Viscount.

"I would like to know what that evil-face, Duarte de Costello, wants around here He is tormenting the life out of Donna Gloria," said Sara to Manuel one afternoon, as the Viscount left the room after fumbling over the letters and papers, which Manuel had just brought in.

"Why, don't you know? He is trying to catch Donna Gloria," replied Joan.

"She is too sensible to marry that fellow; she is engaged to Herr Berner."

"How do you knew?" asked Manuel.

"Haven't I got eyes? I've heard a word here and there. I've put this and that together, and I've jumped right into the true state of affairs," answered Sara, with a nod.

"But, the Viscount has one of the finest palaces in Portugal, and he has fitted it up in grand style.

I read a notice of it in the paper," continued Manuel.

"Donna Gloria will never 'marry a hog for his sty'; besides," added Sara, "I've heard that when he was a young man, he was the greatest reprobate in the country. His father sent him to India, and he don't look as if he had improved any."

"Whew!" whistled Manuel.

"Only one letter for me from Irene?" said Gloria, with a sad look on her pale face.

"Are these all the papers, Manuel?"

"The Viscount took some of them to the drawing-room."

"St. Peter!" exclaimed Manuel, after Gloria had left the room, "I believe that rascal took Gloria's letter; the one with the post-mark 'Lisbon.' I wish the devil would fly away with him, if he didn't carry him more than a mile a minute."

Easter had come again, and what changes had one short year brought with it. Gloria had no heart to trim the little chapel, and, indeed, there was no one to enjoy the festival; but she laid flowers on the slabs, and watered those on Henrique's grave with her tears.

"Gloria," said the Count one evening, when they were alone in the drawing-room, "you are moping yourself to death, you need a change."

"Father Joseph and Irene will be here in the summer."

"It will be a month before summer is here; you have grown thin and pale. I insist upon your going to Italy or Cintra, so decide which it shall be, and tell me to-morrow."

A glad, blissful thought came to Gloria.

"Yes, I will go to Cintra, only eight miles away. But why has he not written, or answered my letters?" she murmured. "Can it be possible that he is forgetting me? Perhaps they were lost or stolen."

Gloria did not borrow trouble, but a weight of fear and sorrow had long rested over her heart. What a pity that souls cannot commune without poor words; how much sorrow and suspense would be saved.

"Gloria has concluded to go to Cintra next week," said the Count to Duarte de Costello, as they were conversing over their wine after dinner, the next day.

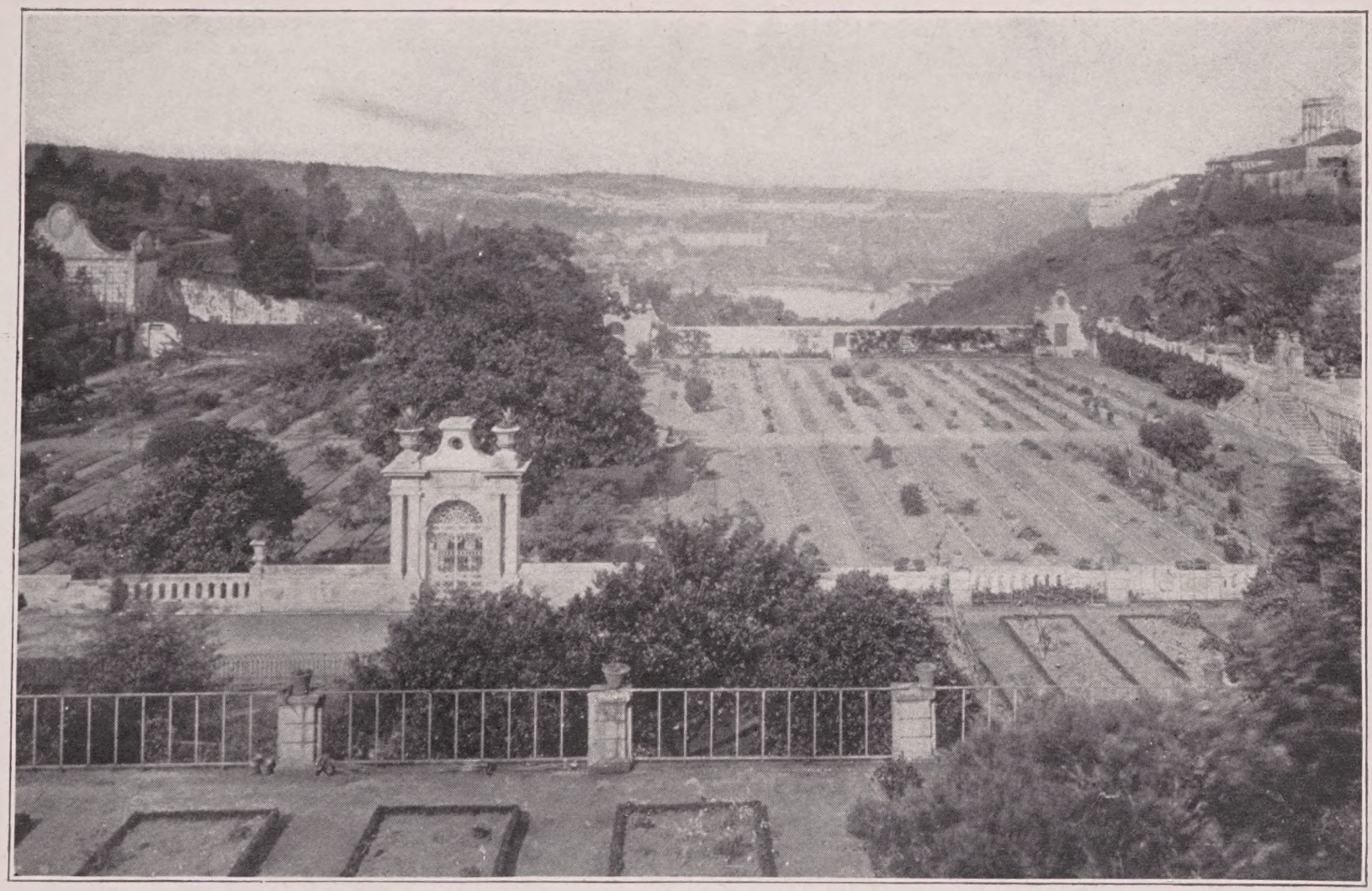
"That is good news; I shall win her at last!" exclaimed the Viscount, refilling his glass.

"Here, Count, drink our health."

"Don't be too sure; women, you know, are whimsical. I described your palace to her. It may be curiosity."

"Well, I shall keep my bird, if I catch her, in my cage," replied the Viscount, laughing.

"Mother, I shall go to Porto to-morrow. I cannot bear this suspense any longer. I must



Botanical Garden of Coimbra University

know the worst!" exclaimed Franze Berner, as he sat by the vine-covered window in his little study, the day before Gloria was to start for Cintra. She was ever in his thoughts, and now the time was drawing near when she had promised to be his wife, and no word from her.

"I shall not take a trunk, only the large valise," said Gloria, giving Sara the few articles she would need, "and we are to start early, so, good night."

"Donna Gloria has some plan that nobody knows anything about," said Sara to Manuel, as she entered the kitchen.

"She won't take hardly any clothing, and is as cheerful as a bird."

"Going to Italy?"

"Don't know, Manuel; can't tell until I get home again; may go to Jerusalem."

It was a lovely morning, the cars had reached Coimbra, where they waited half an hour for the train from Lisbon to pass. The Count and Duarte de Costello alighted to lunch. Sara brought a lunch, with a cup of tea, which the Count had sent to Gloria, who was watching some students from the Coimbra University in their long cloaks and bare heads. They had come to the station to meet, or part, with friends. At last the whistle announced the coming of the cars, and the passengers entered their compartments.

Gloria cast her eyes at the windows, as the train

slowly passed. A start, a faint cry escaped her lips, and she fell back upon the seat.

"What is it?" asked Sara, looking at her pale face, in alarm.

"It is nothing!" replied Gloria, laying her head upon the cushion which Sara put there.

"Surely it was Franze's face, with his arms folded, and his head bowed, but how weary and sad he looked," she murmured.

The clock in the tower of the chapel struck four, as Herr Berner walked up the avenue to the old Gray Palace. He looked up at the drawing-room windows; the shutters were closed. He rang the bell; no one answered. He rang again, and again; all was silent. He sat upon the old stone seat in the wall, and looked down upon the Douro river, and thought of the many times she had sat there and watched for him. He wandered through the garden and thought of Henrique's dying words, and of his last walk there with Gloria, clinging to his side.

Yes, the great-hearted Franze Berner looked upon all these dear, familiar objects, sacred to him for Gloria's sake, and tears sprang to his eyes. He had never loved as he loved Gloria.

"I just worship her; everything she touches seems purer for it," he murmured.

He went to the Palace the next morning, and found Manuel in the garden. All he could tell him

was "that the Count and Viscount, with Gloria and Sara, went away yesterday. He did not know where, but he thought to Italy."

With a heavy heart, Franze Berner took the evening train for Lisbon, and reached the capital at early dawn.

"I do not believe she has left the country, and I will never give her up, mother," he exclaimed.

"Have patience a little longer, my son. I am sure you will hear from Gloria soon."

"But, mother, I fear the Count is trying to force her to marry that blackguard, and it enrages me when I think of their tormenting her."

"Next month, when Gloria is free to leave her father, I am certain she will send for you; or, she will come to you."

"You are a good comforter, my little mother," and he caught his mother's hand, which was smoothing back the thick curls from the broad forehead, as he laid upon the lounge, and kissing it, pressed it within his own.

And Gloria:—we left her with face half hidden in her traveling shawl. She was certain Herr Berner was going to seek her. He had not received her letters. How sad he would feel when he heard she had gone, and in the Viscount's company. She believed he had stolen her letters; and, with this thought, Gloria sat up, with compressed lips, and a determined mien. She looked at Duarte de Cos-

tello, as he sat by the window, with his chin upon his breast, sleeping and snoring.

They were near Lisbon. The cars flew past a field where hundreds of horses were grazing; another where a herd of swine were feeding. They passed the city walls, the little hamlet of Bemfica, and reached Cintra at dusk.

A coach and servant in livery were at the station. Lights were blazing through the windows of the palace, as the coach drove to the main entrance. Duarte de Costello opened the door, and sprang out, leading the way into the palace.

"Maria, show Donna Gloria and her maid to her room." Turning to Gloria, he added, "With great pleasure, I welcome you to my palace, and your father and I will await you in the dining-room."

Gloria looked at him, with a half-amused, half-contemptuous expression. His manner and speech had taken another form; one of possession and authority. The excitement of the journey had given Gloria a nervous headache.

"Sara, I am very tired and shall not go down; tell my father and the Viscount they must excuse me."

She said her evening prayer, and then sought her pillow, not to sleep, but to think.

"What had they brought her there for?"

"What had she come there for?"

Sara entered, bringing a light supper. She drank a cup of tea, and sent the food away, untasted. She tried to sleep, but slumber had forsaken her eyelids. She arose, threw open the window, and gazed upon the planets which God had hung in space, and upon the grand milky-way. She felt the might and the love of God, and knew that He was directing her. In God and herself she would trust. She again sought her couch, and forgot her sorrow in sleep.

It was late when Gloria awoke the next morning, and she laid, gazing around the room. The curtains at the windows and doors, and the canopy of the bed were of the same rich material, blending with the rugs and furniture, but Gloria's thoughts were far away from the objects around her. She arose, and putting on a silken morning wrapper, which Sara brought, she descended the stairs to the breakfast room.

"Has father and the Viscount had their breakfast, Sara?" she asked, sipping her coffee.

"Yes, the Count told me not to disturb you. They have gone to the village, and will not be back until noon. This is a lovely place, Donna Gloria," continued Sara, "but it is not so home-like, and I do not feel as safe here as I do at the old Gray Palace. Here are no gates to lock at night. I heard a rat, and thought it was a robber; I never

slept a blessed wink the whole night," muttered Sara, yawning.

"You had better sleep in the day, and guard the house at night; you would make a fine watchman," laughed Gloria.

"I suppose I'll get used to it. The first night you sleep in a strange place, one always feels timid," and she gave another yawn.

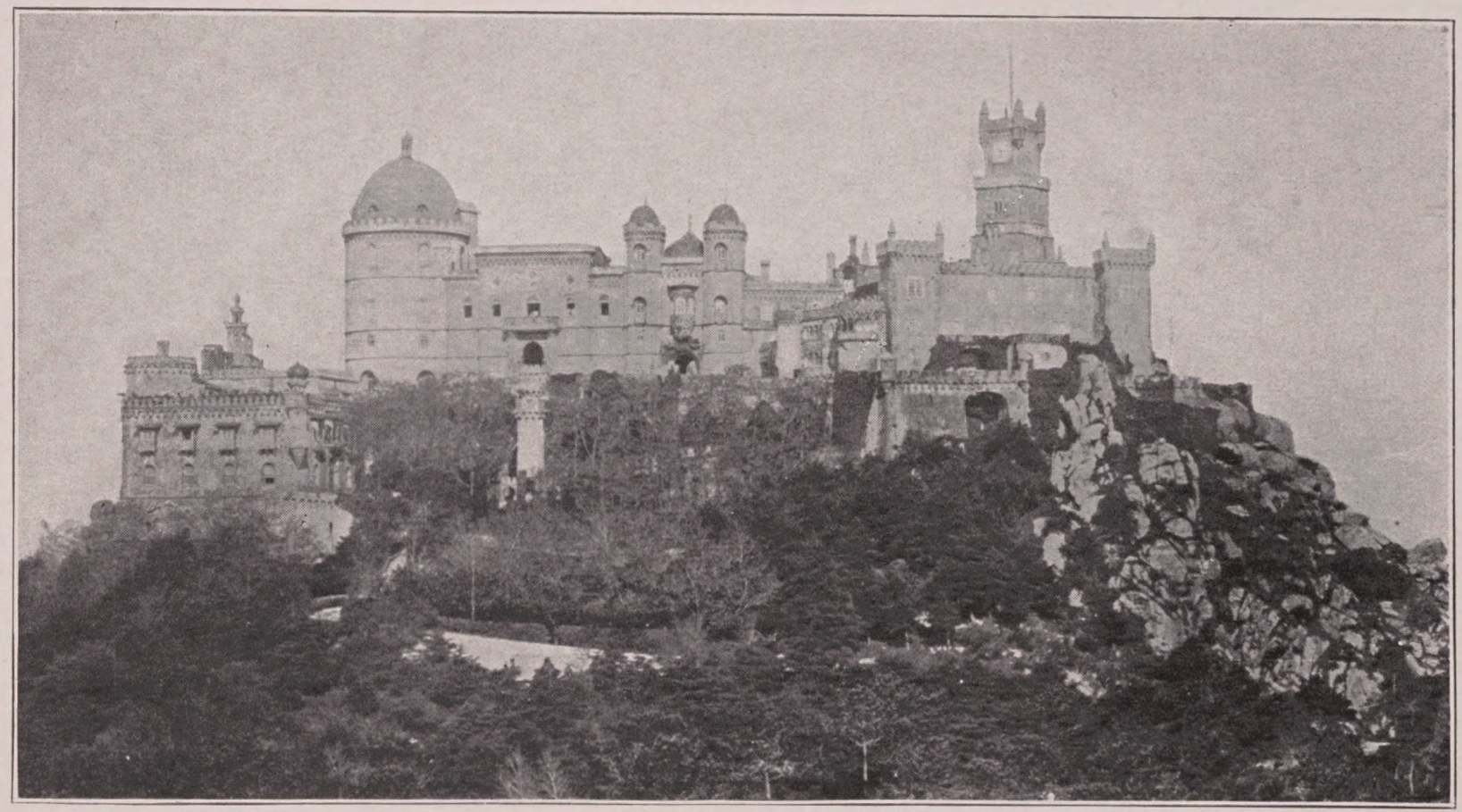
A week had nearly passed, and Gloria saw no way to carry out her plan. But one afternoon her heart leaped with joy and hope, when the Viscount entered the drawing-room, with the question, "What do you think, Count, of going to see the Castle on Mt. Pena, to-morrow? Gloria will have a fine chance to view the landscape. You can almost see the walls of Lisbon."

"Would you like to go, Gloria?"

"Yes, father, I should enjoy it; I have heard so much about that old Moorish castle."

"Then, we will go," said the Viscount, glad to think he had proposed something to give her pleasure.

"The old guardsman will be glad to tell you all you want to know, and we must take a lunch, and climb the mountain on donkeys. Bernardo," continued the Viscount, as a servant entered the room with the mail, "Go to the village and tell Pedro Garra to send four donkeys to the palace by ten



"Mt. Pena," The Old Castle Built by the Moors

o'clock to-morrow morning. Gloria was up bright and early. She seemed like another person.

"She is beginning to like me," said the Viscount, twisting his mustache and knocking the ashes from his cigar, as he strutted back and forth on the veranda.

"It may be," said the Count, with a troubled face, as he tipped back in his chair, but he remembered the look of disgust on Gloria's face when Duarte de Costello unlocked the safe and laid the family jewels upon the table, the coronet, rings, bracelets and brooches, blazing with diamonds and precious stones.

"These are for you, Donna Gloria," he said.

"Thank you, I have my mother's; I never cared for jewels; there are more valuable treasures."

"I admit that I see one before me," he responded, and the loving glance he threw at Gloria gave him such a silly, sheepish look that she turned away to hide her smile. It was very evident that the Viscount had never studied the art of making love to a lady. Sara had swung the large lunch-basket over the donkey's back, and they started to ascend the beautiful mountain path, bounded by the walls of noblemen's gardens, with large grated windows, through which came a glimpse of the loveliness within, mingled with the sweet fragrance of flowers.

They reached the massive iron gates, where they

dismounted, leaving the donkeys to the care of a guardsman. Gloria leaned over the battlement, and surveyed the charming landscape. The little hamlet of Cintra, with roofs half hidden by the tree-tops, the palace of Costello with its church tower, nestled amid shrubbery and orchards in the valley, and the ocean was seen in the distant horizon; but the long, winding road was what fascinated Gloria, and the view sent a thrill through her heart. Her father and the Viscount were wandering through the palace.

"Where does that road lead?" she asked the old man.

"It is the direct road to Lisbon, and is called the King's Highway. If you will come up into the tower with me, you can see the walls of the city through the spy-glass." Gloria mounted the stairs, and reached the highest tower in the old castle.

"Where does the road enter Cintra?"

"It is the first road to the right after you leave the palace of Costello. You will see the sign-board when you go down the mountain, 'Lisbon eight miles.' It is a fine horse-back ride; only one short bridge and a little forest to pass; you would enjoy the ride, my lady. King Manuel and his retinue used to come here to the chase, and he would come to this tower and scan the Atlantic, longing to see Vasco da Gama's fleet returning from the East

Indies. He had given up all hope of ever seeing them again, when one day, to his surprise and joy, he saw the long-wished-for vessels with all their ensigns fluttering in the breeze.

"The King caused all the old cannon to boom over the ocean and banners waved from every tower.

"He made a vow," continued the old man, "to remodel this old castle into a magnificent palace. This is the only part which was built by the Moors, and that was their drawbridge to protect themselves against the Christians."

Gloria joined her father and the Viscount. After visiting the church, they rambled through the beautiful grounds, or sailed upon the lake.

"There is no need to ask Donna Gloria how she enjoyed her visit to Mt. Pena. I have never seen her in better spirits. She admits that she is charmed with Cintra, and now is the time I shall make her an offer of marriage," said the Viscount.

"The sooner you do it, the better," replied the Count, wishing the suspense was over. He could not believe that Gloria had given up Herr Berner, and while he was craving more wealth, he felt that he and his daughter were growing strangely apart.

It was twilight, the first of June. Gloria was walking in the garden, when Duarte de Costello joined her in her walk.

"You must have known, Donna Gloria, that I

have long cherished an affection for you, and wish to make you my wife. You will have everything that money can buy, and I will try and make you happy."

"You shall have your answer to-morrow," she replied, leaving him abruptly. The Viscount hastened to give Gloria's words to the Count, who promised to use his influence for a favorable reply, and sent for Gloria.

"Gloria," said her father, as she entered the room, "the Viscount has told me you would give him the answer to his offer of marriage to-morrow, I hope it will be a favorable one. You know I want to see you well settled in life before I die."

"What will Herr Berner do, father?"

"He is beneath you in station and wealth, and is not a suitable husband for you."

"Do you think one whose life has been a record of vice, more suitable? Can virtue and vice walk together in harmony, father?"

"But, Gloria, all men sow their wild oats."

"Then let them join their lives to women who sow their wild oats."

"If I did not think it was for your interest, I would not urge it."

"Oh, father!" and the poor girl threw her arms around her father's neck and kissed him, as she left the room.

Flag Pole of American Consulate with Roof Garden

CHAPTER VI

THE MARRIAGE

GLORIA MELLO, like all young girls in Portugal, never went abroad alone, but always with a companion. Portuguese girls have all the bravery and independence of American girls in contending for their rights, but they have a certain timidity in venturing out alone. It is more from habit and the remarks of people than from fear; but this usage, once the custom of the country, is fast becoming one of the things of the past.

Gloria went to her room. Her time for action had come; she knew no fear; opening the little writing desk, she wrote a note, and laid it upon the table. Sara entered with her supper. She drank a cup of tea, and put a sandwich, with some cake, into a little bag.

"Sara," she said, as the maid entered to take away the dishes, "do not call me before ten o'clock in the morning." She never thought of sleep, but laid upon the bed to rest. "Why need I fear? God will guard me," she murmured. The clock in the chapel struck eleven. All was quiet. She

arose, put on her traveling dress and hat, throwing a warm shawl over her shoulders, taking her boots and little bag, with a thick veil, she glided noiselessly down the stairs, and softly drew the bolt of the garden door. Putting on her boots, she opened the garden gate, and, in the shadow of the trees, reached the road, and was on her way to Lisbon. A sense of relief filled her heart with gladness. The full moon was sailing majestically in the sky. The distant roar of the ocean proclaimed God's presence. She thought of her father. "Would he grieve for her? Would he forgive her?" Faster and faster she walked; she knew no weariness. She heard the gurgling of the little brook. She passed the bridge, and entered the woods beyond. She heard the rustle of the leaves, and the twittering of the little birds in their nests. She almost flew along the road. Love gave to her feet wings, as she thought of him to whom she was fleeing. "We shall meet to-morrow, Franze," she murmured.

That night the June moon was shining through the ivy-covered window of Franze Berner's little library, as he sat there thinking of the words his mother had just read:—"I sought the Lord and He heard me and delivered me from all my fears." He arose and went into the garden.

"To-morrow is the eighth day of June, and

Gloria will be twenty-one. Oh, if I only knew where to find her!" he murmured.

The clock struck the hour of midnight. Franze Berner opened his arms. "Come to me, Gloria, come quickly," he pleaded.

Folding his arms across his breast, with eyes upturned, he supplicated God, and, in the sublimity of his faith, he felt that his prayer would be answered. The dawn was breaking in the eastern sky. Gloria heard the distant rumbling in the great city. The mounted night-guard passed, and, stopping their horses, turned to look after her. The walls of Lisbon were before her, and her heart gave a throb of joy.

She heard the soldiers' bugles, from the various gates around the city, where the soldiers had been watchmen of the night, and were now returning to their barracks. She heard a clock strike six. She saw the King's Palace on yonder hill. Bathing her face, and quenching her thirst at a way-side fountain, she ate her lunch, and felt refreshed.

Mounting the hill, she saw an old ruined windmill. She entered it, and wrapping her shawl about her, laid herself upon some husks and slept soundly. The sun was high in the heavens when she awoke.

"Mother," said Franze Berner, that morning as he prepared to go to the University, "Gloria is

twenty-one to-day, and I am certain we shall hear from her soon."

"I hope so, my son; I dreamed last night that she came."

"In one hour my flight will be discovered," soliloquized Gloria, as she tied the thick veil over her hat. She arrived at the gate of the King's Park, and asked the guard if he could direct her to the house of Herr Berner, the Prince's German teacher.

"There is the place," said the man, pointing to a square, bounded by a wall, with a long house in the center, half-hidden by trees.

"How can I reach it?" she asked.

"That road leads to the place."

Gloria hastened in the direction pointed out, and was soon at the gate. Looking through the grated window, she say Mrs. Berner cutting flowers; a servant answered the bell of the gate.

"Can I see Herr Berner?" she asked.

"He is at the University, and will not be home until afternoon."

"Can I see his mother?"

Mrs. Berner had entered the house, and was in the library, arranging the flowers in vases.

"There is a strange lady in the drawing-room who wishes to see you," said the servant.

"It is Gloria!" she exclaimed, and dropping the flowers, she hurried to the drawing-room.

"I have reached you at last," and Gloria threw herself into the arms of the little mother, who drew her to the sofa.

"Never to leave us; oh, my child, how much Franze has worried; no tidings of you could he get; but come to your room, you must have some breakfast and rest; then we will talk."

Mrs. Berner insisted upon Gloria undressing and going to bed, while she went to arrange the breakfast. She ate the toast and egg, and drank a cup of coffee.

"Now, you shall have a sweet sleep, dearest. Franze will be so wild with joy, he will keep you up half the night," and the little mother kissed the pale face, closed the shutters, and softly shut the door.

Gloria's heart swelled with gratitude to God, who had guarded her through the dangers of the past night, and led her into the haven at last. Free from mental anxiety, weary and contented, she slept soundly.

It was almost four o'clock when the little mother opened the door. Gloria was yet sleeping.

"Poor dear, how tired and foot-sore she must be. I have a good mind not to tell Franze to-night; to-morrow will be time enough. The postman has brought a letter from Fayal and one from Valenca; they may cheer him enough for to-night."

The gate opened, and Herr Berner entered. Hanging up his hat and coat, and putting on his dressing-gown, he went to his library.

"Two letters, and none from Gloria. Oh, mother!" he sighed.

With a troubled, tired look, he tore open the letters. "Father Joseph will be here next week; hasn't heard from Gloria or the Count, and don't know where they are, or what to think about it."

"Count de Valenca has just returned from England; stopped at Porto; found the palace closed.

"Where is the Count and Gloria? When is the wedding to be? Let me know in season to come."

He threw the letters down, folded his arms upon the table, and laid his head upon them.

"I was so sure I should hear something from Gloria to-day," he sighed.

"Dinner is waiting. Come Franze. I have some good news to tell you by and by."

"What is it, mother?" he asked, anxiously.

"Eat your dinner first, and then you will be better able to enjoy it."

"Now I have finished,—have you heard anything from Gloria, mother?"

"Did you know, Franze, that the Viscount de Costello had a palace in Cintra?"

"No, mother; Gloria never said much about him to me."

"Well, she has been there until last night, when

she left the palace, at eleven o'clock, and walked all night. She arrived here about ten this morning, and is now fast asleep up-stairs."

"God heard my prayer last night. Oh, mother, how can I ever be worthy of the sincerity of such a woman's love?"

"You are worthy, my son. I will go and see if she is awake."

"Don't awake her, mother. I am contented, now I know she is safe."

Gloria was dressing when the little mother knocked at the chamber door. Franze Berner met her at the drawing-room door, and put his arm around her slender figure.

"Oh, Gloria, my life, my dearest one! Were you not afraid on that lonely road alone all night?"

"I was not alone; God was with me; I felt His presence all the way. Oh, Franze, I shall never forget that night! I felt so restful; so happy!"

"Dear love, how dark and hopeless my life seemed when I heard you had gone,—Manuel said, to Italy."

"Duarte de Costello stole our letters. Father was determined I should go to Italy or Cintra. I knew if I went to Cintra, I should be near you. I could not write, for I was watched. I dared not trust a servant. I could only trust in God and myself, and here I am."

"I called you last night, Gloria; I felt you were

near me," and Franze clasped her nearer his heart; and there we will leave them, and return to the palace of Costello.

The Count and Viscount were waiting for Gloria in the breakfast-room, when Sara entered with a frightened look, and a letter.

"Donna Gloria is not in her room; and I found this note upon the table." The Count tore open the note and read:

"Dear father, I cannot marry Viscount de Costello. I would rather die. I shall be twenty-one when you read this, and in Lisbon with the one I love for his noble qualities, and whom I have promised to marry. Forgive me, father, for leaving you thus; but I must be true to God and myself. Ever yours, Gloria."

The Count was confounded, and the Viscount was thunderstruck. When he realized his bird had flown, the storm that followed was frightful. He raved like a mad man. He swore like a trooper; and when he had finished the vocabulary of oaths, he paused for want of breath. Glancing at the Count he read contempt and disgust on his face, which again let loose the devil that possessed him.

"See here!" he roared, "why don't you go after the vixen, and not sit there, staring at me like a d—n fool! Didn't the immaculate angel tell me she would give me her answer to-day, eh?"

"There is your answer! I should think she had

Bull-ring at Camp Grant

given it to you in actions as well as in words, you insulting cur," said the Count, throwing the note at him, and leaving the room.

"Get ready for Porto, Sara, while I go to the station for a coach." And the Count of Villa Moncao returned to the Gray Palace a wiser man than when he left it.

"Oh, but you should have heard him curse and swear, and see the devil blaze in his eyes. 'Pon my soul, I was afraid of him and glad to get out of the house that night," said Sara, the next morning in relating the affair to Joan and Manuel.

"I think the Count has got his eyes opened now. I am glad Donna Gloria is out of the way of such a brute. There is as much difference between Herr Berner and that villianous Viscount as there is betwixt a saint and a devil! But," continued Manuel, "I suppose the Count will never forgive Donna Gloria for running away."

"She don't need the forgiveness of a father who would sell his daughter to a scoundrel! Confound such fathers," and Sara emphasized her little speech with a bang of the door.

"Well, the old place will be gloomy enough now they are all gone," sighed Manuel, as he went into the garden.

In a few days a letter came from Gloria, informing her father of her safe arrival in Lisbon. The Count took no notice of it; but he ordered Sara to

pack all of Gloria's clothing, which was sent to her. The Count also gave her the property she inherited from her mother, and it did seem to Gloria that her father intended to fulfil his threat to disown her, but down deep in the Count's heart, he was glad that his daughter had done as she did; although his pride would not allow him to acknowledge it.

Father Joseph arrived, the next week, and Gloria was married to Herr Berner, by the old priest, in the little German church, assisted by the German pastor. Luiz and Alice were groomsman and bridesmaid. The Count knew that Father Joseph had married them, but he asked no questions. Irene came home on her yearly vacation. She visited Gloria, and would have remained with her father, although she expressed to the old priest that the Gray Palace seemed forsaken, now the loved ones were gone. The Count told Irene she would be happier in the Convent, so she returned there in the Autumn.

CHAPTER VII

THE RECONCILIATION

SIX years passed with few changes. The first year of their married life, Herr Berner took his wife to the Fatherland. They visited the old home at Gottengen and the University. They climbed the Alps, and saw the wonders of Paris and London. The gracious Queen was a true friend to Donna Gloria, and being the daughter of a nobleman, she was admitted to the Royal Court, and was a great favorite with its noble ladies.

The Count of Villa Moncao had never mentioned his daughter's name, nor answered a letter, since her marriage; but his form was less erect, his hair was streaked with gray, and the once brilliant eyes had a sad, eager expression. He was gentle and kind to his servants and tenants, but days would pass without his noticing, or speaking, to anyone.

Duarte de Costello found a balm for his disappointment in the gambling-room; returning now and then to Cintra. One day his creditors came and took away the furniture, and the Viscount dis-

missed the servants, telling them, "he was not going to waste any more time in this infernal hole." He went to France, where he met his death in a notorious gambling-saloon. The estate and title were given to an illegitimate son, whom the old Viscount had to acknowledge and make his heir before his death, if Duarte left no children.

. . . . . .

Little Henrique Berner was a fine, stout boy of five years. Leaving his play one afternoon, he went to his mother's side with the old inquiry,—

"Mamma, am I not most big enough for grandpapa to send for me?"

"Yes, my boy; perhaps he will send for us soon."

"But, mamma, why do you wait for grandpa to send for us? When I want to see you or papa, or grandma, I don't wait, but run to you and papa, and grandma. Did you do anything naughty? And did grandpa send you away, mamma?"

"No, child," said his mother, with a sad smile. "Your grandpa had a little boy once. He never was strong; he suffered much pain, but he never complained. I used to wheel him in the garden, read and sing to him, and we loved each other, dearly; but one day an angel came and took his soul to God,—to Heaven."

"Isn't that where I came from, mamma?"

"Yes, darling, your little spirit came from God;

so you see grandpa has never had a little boy since then."

"Poor grandpa, can't I be his little boy? You will have little Franze; he is most as big as I. Grandpa may die before I'll see him. Oh, mamma, do let us go!"

"Yes, my boy, we will surely go; now, run into the garden, and play.

"Oh, won't grandpa be glad to see me?" and the little fellow climbed upon his mother's lap, for a hug and a kiss.

Gloria seemed to have suddenly awakened from a dream. Her little boy had opened her eyes.

"Was it possible that her father was waiting for her to come?" Surely it was her duty to go to him. Why had she not thought of it before?"

She was sure he would receive her and her children.

Gloria related little Henrique's conversation to her husband that evening; and, she added, "He is such an observing boy; there is no need of his knowing that father objected to our marriage."

"You are right, always right, my precious Gloria; but how singular that our child should teach us our duty," murmured Herr Berner.

"When would you like to go, dearest?"

"Father Joseph wrote that father was going to Villa Moncao this week. Luiz and Alice are at Valenca; they have often urged us to visit them;

but I could not think of it while father felt so toward me. Oh, if that dear boy could bring us together, I should be so happy. I know it grieves Father Joseph. I will write to Alice that I am coming next Thursday, with the children and Maria."

In a few days an answer came from Luiz that he would meet them on the three o'clock train, at Porto, and accompany them the rest of the journey. The day arrived, they had kissed grandma goodbye, and Franze saw them on the cars.

"It is the first time we have parted since our marriage, dear Franze, and if I did not feel it was my duty, I would not go."

"I know it; you must go, darling," he replied, as he embraced her and the children.

How strange it seemed to Herr Berner, when he opened the gate that afternoon. No little Henrique to run and meet him; no baby Franze, holding up his little arms for a kiss and a frolic, and no loving wife awaiting him, but his dear old mother pressed a kiss upon his brow.

As the cars slowly passed the station at Coimbra, Gloria thought of that sad and dreary day, more than six years before, when she waited there for the train to pass, and as the cars crossed the bridge over the river Douro, she caught a glimpse of the tower of her childhood home—the old Gray Palace, and a throb of delight filled her heart.

The Count of Valenca was waiting for them at the station. It was almost sunset when Gloria saw the Sierras (mountains) with the vine-clad terraces, where the grapes grew in rich sandy soil, which is well watered by the heavy night dew. The children were asleep when they arrived at Valenca. Father Joseph was there to meet them.

"I am very glad you have come," said the old priest. "Your father is not well. He is unhappy and losing all interest in his affairs."

It was decided that Luiz should go with Gloria and the children, the next day, to Villa Moncao. It was noon when they reached the palace. Gloria went to her room, which was in the same condition as she had left it, so long ago. She left little Franze and Maria there, and, taking Henrique, led him toward her father's room. "You must go alone, and tell grandpa who you are." She parted the heavy curtains at the door, and gently pushed the little fellow into the room.

The Count was dozing in his arm-chair, and as Henrique drew near, he opened his eyes, and the boy climbed upon his knee, holding up his little rosy mouth for a kiss.

"Who are you?" asked the Count, with surprise.

"I am little Henrique, and I come to take the place of Henrique who went to Heaven."

"Who sent you here?"

"Mamma; we waited and waited, but you did not send for us; and I begged mamma to let me come."

"Who is your mother?" asked the Count, in a trembling voice.

"Why, don't you know? Papa calls her his 'Precious Glory,' and you are my grandpa. Mamma loves you, and I do love you," and the little fellow nestled nearer to the Count, who put his arms around him.

"Where is your mother? I was dreaming of her just now. I have also waited, oh, so long. Why don't Gloria come to me?" and he clasped the child to his heart.

"Here I am, dear father," and Gloria entered the room, knelt and laid her head upon her father's knee. Little Henrique was awed by the silence, and his mother's tears.

"Don't cry, mamma, you shall have grandpa's knee to sit upon," exclaimed the little fellow, jumping down, and running out of the room.

"Oh, Gloria, I thought you would never come; that my selfishness had made you despise me. I did not blame you for going away that night. The next day, I saw what a life you had escaped. I knew that my heartlessness had driven you from me. I thought of Henrique's dying request; and—"

"Dear father, let us forget it. Now that you have received me again to your heart, my happi-

ness is complete. Come and see my little Franze," and she pressed a kiss upon her father's brow, as she led him into the garden where the children were playing hide and seek, with Maria.

"Come, Gloria! Come Henrique! It is nearly sunset; it is time to go," said Luiz.

"I shan't go; I'm going to stay with my grandpa," shouted Henrique, clinging to the Count's hand.

"Be off, you scamp, or I'll set the dog on you," exclaimed the Count, laughing.

"'Man proposes, and God disposes.' I know two marriages that were made in Heaven, Uncle Henrique," replied Luiz, joyfully, as he entered the carriage and drove home to tell Alice the good news.

And so the bright summer days passed. Gloria was united to her father in a sweeter, dearer bond, for he was learning to lay up treasures in Heaven, and a little child was leading him.

The rainy season was over, and the bright blue sky was permanent. The family were again at the old Gray Palace. The holidays were approaching, and with them came Franze Berner and his mother. The Count went with Gloria to the station. After shaking hands with Mrs. Berner, he turned to Herr Berner and opened his arms in true Portuguese courtesy, and the two men embraced each other.

"I am proud of you, Franze," said the Count,

drawing his arm within his, and leading him to the carriage.

Christmas came, bringing Irene and the Count of Valenca's family. The little mother, with Gloria's help, was arranging a Christmas tree in the great drawing-room. Henrique was admiring the tree and looking around the large rooms. "Grandpa," said he, climbing upon the Count's knee, "there is one thing I want to make me the happiest boy in the whole world."

"What is it? You shall have it, if it is the half that I possess."

"Do you know any poor children who haven't a Christmas tree? I want them to come and have a gay time with Luiz, Franze and me."

"You shall have them," replied the Count, and the rooms in the old Gray Palace rang as they never rang before, with the shouts and laughter of merry children, each taking to their humble homes a remembrance of that joyful Christmas day.

The time came for Herr Berner and his family to return to Lisbon. The Count tried to induce him to resign his position, and make the Gray Palace his home.

"I appreciate your kindness, but I love my vocation and cannot leave it yet," he replied.

Little Henrique passed most of his time with his grandfather.

"What will you do, Henrique, when you are the

Count of Moncao, and have all my property to manage?" asked the Count, one day.

"I shall try to be a good and just man."

"And how will you try?"

"By helping the poor, and doing to others as I would want them to do to me. Mamma says I will have to give an account of my stewardship to God. It says so in my little Testament."

This little child guided the Count of Moncao into the truth and light; and Gloria practiced what she taught her children. She carried spiritual and temporal comforts to the sick and needy.

Father Joseph was an English priest, was graduated at the English college in Lisbon, and was much loved in the family of the Count de Villa Moncao, where he lived and died.

Father Joseph, whose life and teachings were such a blessing to this family, lived to enjoy the fruits of his labors, and at a good old age, passed beyond life's cares, a few years ago.

It was the evening before Christmas. His dear ones were around his bed in Eulalia's chamber. His last words were, "The Lord has heard my prayers. I have fought the good fight. I have kept the faith. I have finished my course, and now I shall see the glory, and enjoy the full love of my God."

The vault was opened in the little chapel and his coffin was laid upon one of the stone tables, and

thus we leave this dear family, following the footsteps of the Master, and possessed with the blessed hope of meeting Him and the loved ones gone before.

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